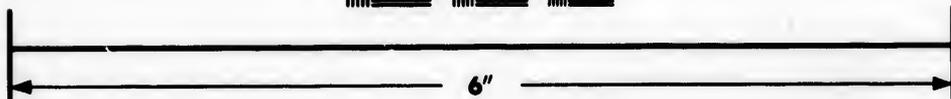
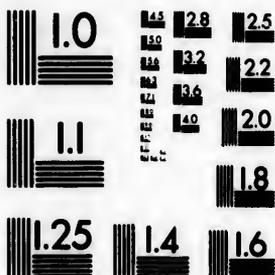


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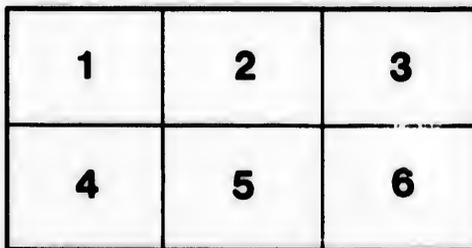
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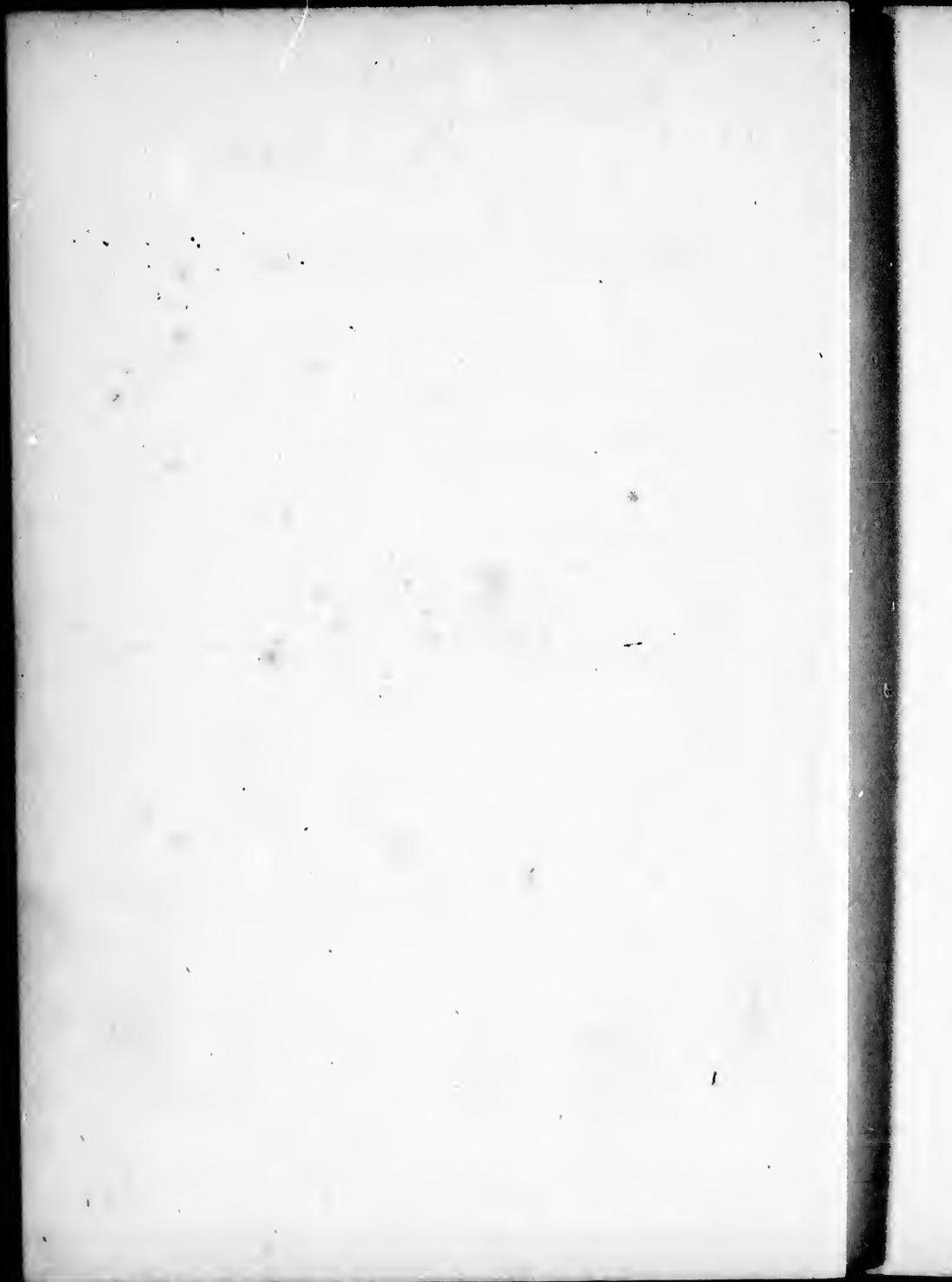
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RAILWAY NOTES IN THE NORTH-WEST ;
OR,
THE DOMINION OF CANADA.

CARLYLE says that the eye sees what it brings with it the power of seeing ; but this sentence is not to be taken to mean that the man with even the best sight scorns outside help and rests upon unaided vision. Thus before visiting a new place it is well for the intending traveller to realise it to himself as far as possible.

The pictures of his anticipation may not turn out to be true, but he should in some measure know what to look for, and not carry a perfectly blank sheet for the reception of such impressions as may await him in the land whither he goes. Thus before starting for Canada I read divers books about it, and made it a frequent subject of conversation. I was not surprised at my own ignorance, for I cannot rightly understand a map till I have visited the country which it displays, but the general lack of information about the matter was notable. True, we all knew something about the old provinces, but our knowledge of the North-West was found to be very limited. I took therefore a miscellaneous course of "Mudie," and beg to place before my readers some forecasts or anticipations which I set down on

English paper before I set foot on board to cross the Atlantic.

I venture to think that they encourage a belief in seeking manifold rapid information about a country from books. We are likely to read two or three works concerning the place we propose to visit, but a dozen are not too many. They need not be "studied." Indeed they had mostly better be skimmed. It is the repeated presentation of a place through a number of eyes and minds which gives a fairly well proportioned view of its appearance and condition. Of course every traveller knows that there are aspects of a land which no descriptions ever convey, and which indeed can no more be described than a perfume or a tint. Failing, however, necessarily in conveying these, let me head my notes with a forecast of Canada which I took some pains in preparing, and which personal traversing of the country enables me to perceive is just. It may possibly serve to introduce such a small record of the impressions as I have actually received.

The realisation of enormous fertile plains unencumbered by the forest is really a new thing to former readers about Canada. In old days a settler was often called (by us in England at least) a "backwoodsman," and his place was spoken of as a "clearing." He began his battle with the axe. Now, the first tool used by the farmer in the great North-West is the plough, but the immense size of the area which may be thus conquered is being realised only by degrees. Our eyes, and those of many Canadians too, are being gradually opened to its real use. I say "real" use, for a notable feature in the whole estimate and outlook of Canadian resources is the early apprehension of this area; it has long

been appreciated and used, but for another purpose than that to which it seems presently in great part about to be devoted. It was seen to be fruitful, not in corn, but in fur. Wealthy London companies, having obtained concessions in the very early days of emigration, employed the huge territories of the North-West simply for the getting of skins. This use of them began a little more than two hundred years ago when King Charles II granted corporate privileges of which neither he nor the recipients perceived the full value. But one result was the penetration of the huge region by enterprising trappers or gatherers of skins. Myriads upon myriads of square miles were studded with small and sparse "forts." Away up to the Northern Lakes, under the shadow of the Rocky Mountains, along the banks of the far-flowing Saskatchewan, here and there, though it might be at intervals of some two hundred miles, a rude shelter or "fort" was built. These "forts" dotted the whole region controlled by the North-West Fur and Hudson's Bay Companies—finally combined. Lonely little garrisons, sometimes of only two or three Europeans—often Scotsmen—dwelt in them, receiving, and periodically sending away the skins brought in by the Indians. The forts, though very far apart, were really numerous and connected. Their connection was made, however, by the thinnest thread, a mere trail, which sometimes none but the Indian eye and foot could detect. Still the solitary guard-houses were thus finely linked, and at distant intervals, when travelling by sledge was least difficult, heard some late echoes of the larger world of men. These came in winter up the frozen rivers, which made great flat white high roads, winding through the plains.

A single Redskin, with his dog-sledge, thus carried letters to the lonely guards who watched over the growing stores of fur which "brave" and "squaw" bartered for axe, blankets, firewater, and beads. There was a "Swampy" Indian named Adam, who for more than twenty years yearly went a postman's beat of 3,000 miles with his dog-train. Five dark winter months annually passed away before he had finished his solitary round and left his last packet at the last weary and expectant fort. This old Redskin "Adam" was, however, but one in many generations who continuously threaded the enormous North-West territories of British America, searching for, gathering, and dispatching "skins."

Speaking broadly, and yet with carefully ascertained accuracy, this use of the great North-West went on for about two hundred years—from the times of Charles II to those of Napoleon III. I really do not exaggerate or overdraw the picture. It was only the other day that we were reading of the Red River Rebellion and the expedition of Colonel, now Lord, Wolseley to suppress it. This marked the close of the old order of things, and arose in consequence of the transfer of its authority by the Hudson's Bay Company to the Dominion in 1869. An isolated colony, composed of various nationalities, with many half-breed French and Indians, resented this. Though they uttered threats, which were supposed capable of seriously disturbing the newly arranged compact, or making possible settlement more difficult to future inhabitants of the new-born Dominion, they yielded the moment Colonel Wolseley had finished his famous march and appeared on the scene with his soldiers. I mention this, however, not so much to revive memories of

a distinguished military feat as to remark that the ultimate point of Colonel Walseley's aim was only the front gate of the corn-bearing territories now being opened to the settler. Till that time the Hudson's Bay Company had reigned supreme over the "Great Lone Land." Its southern part is now traversed by trains equipped with sleeping-cars; but only the other day (in Butler's well-known book) it appeared to be repulsively impracticable; so at least most readers of popular travel mist have thought. Year after year, till the years rose into centuries, the Indian moose, marten, beaver, and buffalo had the whole region to themselves. It belonged to the London Company, whose directors drank pailfuls of port wine at City dinners while such men as the Redskin Adam drove his hungry dog-train up its frozen rivers, delivering the latest London letters and papers some eight months after date. All this while England, represented by the powerful fur companies, owned the huge land which is already being reckoned as the main wheat-growing section of North America. It has been noted that this continent may be roughly divided into three zones, producing respectively cotton, maize, and wheat. Explorers and experts are now saying that the last will be found to lie chiefly in British territory. The deep-soiled plains north of the Saskatchewan, in Athabasca, as well as the fertile belt of Manitoba, are believed to be best fitted for this precious produce. No doubt there are agreeable and productive regions in the older parts of the Dominion, such as New Brunswick, which are sometimes carelessly passed by in the eagerness of the settler to push on towards the great North-West. Many men would take far more kindly to the older parts of the Dominion

(since they already possess the features of established civilisation) and yet at the same time make new and successful ventures in life as "settlers." But there has been a sort of charm about the discovery, as it might be called, of the huge region from the Red River to the Rocky Mountains. All at once it was seen to be potentially productive of abundant human food. But for two hundred years no one seriously thought of this. King Charles gaily made his concessions. As I have already said, small, long-enduring, lonesome parties were dropped and fenced in little forts here and there throughout the royally conceded regions. Shrewd London merchants sent out beads and knives for the skins which they gathered from the simple Indians. The Indians adorned themselves; and died of rum and small-pox. But few thought of their land, snow-buried in winter and sun-heated through the long summer days, as a future granary of Europe, till about the time of the battle of Sedan. Now an eager crowd, bearing ploughs and reaping machines, is pouring into it out of Europe and the old provinces of Canada.

In writing thus, I do not forget the first settlement of Scots in Manitoba, when Lord Selkirk, some sixty years ago, carried out a band of Highlanders and set them down to farm south of Lake Winnipeg. But this acted prophecy was a long time in approaching fulfilment. It may be reckoned along with the one traditional swallow which does not make a summer. True, the late immigrants into Manitoba have been surprised at finding the now old nest of this early bird, but virtually he rush into the North-West did not begin till after 1869, at which date the Hudson's Bay Company ceded its sovereign rights to the

Dominion, and the Dominion began to realise the true use of its bargain. Soon it saw that wheat was better than fur, and that rivers which would bear steamboats were worth being navigated by something better than birch canoes. The poor Indians, at first much reduced in numbers by drink and disease, the fruits of civilisation, have been and are being swept up into "reserves" and taught the catechism. According to trustworthy accounts they are submissive enough. They receive meat and flour from Government, at the rate of a pound of each per head daily. They are also paid "treaty money" once a year, and are encouraged in industry which they dislike. It is said that their numbers rather increase now, as, in most cases, they are kept from alcohol. Though in some respects treated like a child, your "brave" hardly ever condescends to walk if he can muster a horse; and his toy is a repeating rifle. As owner and master of the land in which his descendant is penned and survives, the day of the Indian has gone. Towns are growing around the little old weather-worn forts, and railways are following the faint trapper's trails. Trains now scream and rattle where the sledge slipped along in silence, and newspapers are published in places—I would instance Calgary at the foot of the Rocky Mountains—which were laboriously reached once in the winter by the Redskin postman with his little dog-drawn box of letters. And yet it was only the other day, since the French and German War, that Butler, in his "Great Lone Land," speaking, not of the more distant parts of the North-West, but of Lake Winnipeg (from which the electric-lit, tram-traversed, degree-conferring "metropolis" of Manitoba takes its name), exclaims, "It may be that with these eyes of

mine I shall never see thee again, for thou liest far out of the track of life, and man mars not thy beauty with ways of civilised travel." The advance since this was written is prodigious. The outbreak of progress which has marked this long known but despised land changes the whole character and prospect of Canada and Canadian emigration. The deed almost exceeds the thought. It is more than the unexpected opening of a door revealing new rooms in an old house, for the regions revealed are not only enormous, but incalculably pregnant with richness in the shape of malleable mineral, as well as corn-producing soil.

The two volumes of Butler, however, on the "Great Lone Land" and the "Wild North Land," though in some respects they bring the late past and present of Canada into striking contrast, do not perhaps set forth the position of the country so strikingly as another popular book, "Milton and Cheadle's North-West Passage." These adventurers travelled before any railroad at all had been made between the Atlantic and Pacific. Thus they help us better to realise the old state of intercommunication, and they also record the impressions produced by the Hudson's Bay Company's almost absolute rule, some of the last years of which they saw. It had come to an end before Butler wrote on the Great Lone Land in 1870. But it was in strong force when Lord Milton and Dr. Cheadle toiled across the great North-West regions to the Pacific.

Here is what they say of the first part of the new region, Manitoba, which was entered in 1812 by Highland settlers, under Lord Selkirk, but which stood still till the transfer of rule from the company to that of the Dominion :—

"The soil is so fertile that wheat is raised year after year on the same land, and yields fifty or sixty bushels to the acre without any manure being required. The pasturage is of the finest quality and unlimited in extent. . . . But shut out in this distant corner of the earth from any communication with the rest of the world, except an uncertain one with the young State of Minnesota by steamer during the summer, and with England by the company's ship which brings stores to York Factory, in Hudson's Bay, *once a year* (the italics are mine), the farmers find no market for their produce."

This was written less than twenty years ago. The writer has a prophetic eye, and pleads for the ultimate threading of the desolate North-West by a railroad which shall string together the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans through British territory. Like Butler and other later travellers, he is astounded at the superb neglect of the unbroken plains of soil which he crosses in crawling across the continent towards the Rocky Mountains and the Pacific. He says:—

"It is the interest and policy of the company to discourage emigration, and keep the country as one vast preserve for fur-bearing animals. . . . It is also their interest to prevent any trading except through themselves. . . . But the day of monopolies has gone by. . . . It is time the anomaly should cease, and a proper Colonial Government be established, whose efforts would be directed to the opening out of a country so admirably adapted for settlement. From the Red River—*i.e.*, the Winnipeg region—to the Rocky Mountains, along the banks of the Assiniboine and the fertile belt of the Saskatchewan, at least sixty millions of acres of the richest soil lie ready for the farmer when he shall be allowed to enter in and possess it. This glorious country, capable of sustaining an enormous population, lies utterly useless, except for the support of a few Indians, and the enrichment of the shareholders of the last Great Monopoly."*

* It was this very region that I traversed in the same sleeping-carriage with Dr. Cheadle himself, in three days and nights, this last September.—H. J.

It might be difficult to learn and record in detail how they were enriched in former days, and by what cheap exchange they sometimes got store of costly marten fur (*i.e.*, sable) and other precious skins: but a few hints dropped by the writer of the "North-West Passage" may indicate the nature of some traffic between the original dwellers in the land and the old devouring company. Lord Milton and Dr. Cheadle "in a weak moment" promised to make one "Kekek-Ooarsis," or "The Child of the Hawk," an old Indian, "a present of a small quantity of rum." "Thereupon," the writer continues, "the old gentleman became all excitement," and asked for the "fire-water" at once. This name is given by Indians to alcoholic drink by reason of their rude analysis of that which is offered to them. The writer of the "North-West Passage" says:—

"It must be strong enough to be inflammable, for an Indian always tests it by pouring a few drops into the fire. If it possesses the one property from which he has given it the name of fire-water, he is satisfied, whatever its flavour or other qualities may be."

The result was that more Indians soon came into Lord Milton's and Dr. Cheadle's camp:—

"They produced a number of marten and other skins, and all our explanations failed to make them understand that we had not come as traders. . . . To end the matter we sent them off with what remained in the little keg. . . . In about two hours all returned more or less intoxicated. . . . First one fellow thrust a marten skin into our hands, another two or three fish, while a third, attempting to strip off his shirt for sale, fell senseless into the arms of his squaw."

Boys, breathless, with news of the fire-water, had been sent off by the Indians in all directions, that

the poor possessors of the costly furs might come in to trade. That was their view of the position, and one does not want much power of imagination to picture the emptying of many a native store of skins over a large area by means of a few casks of rum. The impregnation of this ancient race with Christianity must indeed be hard, since the grace of the Gospel is often accompanied by the vice of the greedy trader. Indians are at the same time proud and impulsive, naturally taciturn, and yet incapable of touching civilisation without immediate and shameless clamour for the open indulgence of its worst vices. Missionaries, mostly, it would seem, French Roman Catholic priests, have long laboured among them, and they pass into moods of religious acquiescence, but self-command or self-sacrifice, which is the essence of practical Christianity, is far from them when they can smell rum. A whole tribe, chiefs, braves, and squaws alike, then seem to be moved by a common yearning, not for festivity, but for sheer drunkenness. They would seem to be wonderfully dignified and immovable under some conditions, but the chance of intoxication charms them. I say intoxication, for your Redskin does not drink for good company, nor because the liquor is toothsome, but simply to get drunk. Lord Milton's experience shows how the hope of this must have helped to store the forts in the great North-West with fur. But these days of such questionable trade are numbered or past. The present directors of the Hudson's Bay Company are another generation of men. They are moved with a better spirit, appreciating the produce of something beside skins in the region which they long controlled, but are now associated with other commercial conditions.

The toil and tribulation of Lord Milton and Dr. Cheadle in crossing the North American continent through British territory were almost inconceivable. A few years ago (it was in the time of the American war) they spent twelve months in labour and hunger, cold and heat, while creeping across a continent, one route through which the members of the British Association can see from the plate-glass windows of their sleeping-cars as they run rapidly in some *ten* days from Winnipeg to the Rocky Mountains *and back*, with opportunities by the way of stopping at specially interesting places and making an excursion into British Columbia. We may sometimes sentimentally complain or suspect that the stomach of Englishmen for travel has abated since the days of the old explorers, but up to the very verge of luxurious locomotion men like Milton, Cheadle, and Butler have seemed to enjoy the most slow and miserable movement it is possible for man to survive. They did good scientific work; and when at last the two former arrived lean and empty within reach of food they must be praised for honesty in admitting that they cared less for the civilised news of a year than for chops and potatoes. I turn over the printed instructions to the members of the British Association who visit Canada this autumn and see that provision is made for regular meals at so much a head right away to the Rocky Mountains. There will probably be a restaurant in the train. Fire and Water are a fine couple, but their child Steam subdues the world after a fashion which even yet we can hardly measure. The threading of British North America is one of its most notable feats, inasmuch as it reveals the sudden opening of a people's eyes to the use of an enormous region.

long left in the hands of a company which cared more for keeping up a population of wild beasts than of men.

The visit to Canada of which these letters are a little record was made in the company of the British Association for the Advancement of Science. The occasion was unique, as its annual meeting had never been held beyond the British Isles. Several friends said to me, "Surely you will get no true notions of the place if you travel in a crowd of English!" The impressions received, however, depend upon the crowd.

Here we had no tame flock of tourists bleating at the heels of a "personal conductor," but a set of fellow-travellers who had intelligent eyes in their heads and knew what to look for. Of course it is possible to find innocence and an exaggerated readiness to accept fresh impressions even among scientific men: For instance, I heard of two philosophers who needed a vehicle one wet and chilly night, and on being asked whether they would not have a couple of buffaloes (the kind inquirer meant rugs), replied, quite simply, that they would *prefer* horses.

Such charming receptivity, however, was rare. Several, *e.g.*, of the final party with which I visited the Rocky Mountains were veterans in experience of the roughest travel. They had been starved, frostbitten, or withered to their backbones by Arctic winter winds; they had been upset in canoes and deserted by faithful Indians; they had eaten their leggings and tried to melt snow for tea; they had wearily worked their way, month after month, across the plains and through the forests which we traversed with a rush in railway sleeping-cars. They knew all about the

grasses on the surface of the plains, and the stores of coal which lay beneath them. They were learned in butterflies and grasshoppers, or, belonging to the "Social Science section," were ready to tackle the most peremptory colonial on the burning questions of protection and free trade. They had analysed the soils up to the North Pole, and knew all about the conditions necessary for the growth of corn. And with all this, and a great deal more, they were full of humour, kindness, and bright conversation.

Thus I was well advised by the best influences to travel with selected bodies of the British Association, and my readers must not be surprised at frequent reference to my social and scientific surroundings.

Montreal, August 26th, 1884.

The Allan steamship *Parisian*—by which I have sailed from Liverpool—is four hundred and fifty feet long and something under six thousand tons burden, and yet, though I am sitting at a window at Montreal looking over wooded hills, a *thousand* miles from the Straits of Belleisle, where we left the ocean, she is lying alongside the quay close by. The water way by the River St. Lawrence into the heart of British North America is so wonderful that it is taken for granted. But the appearance of this huge steamer among the cornfields of an inland region is not so strange as that of the surroundings will be when I go farther westward into the very centre of the American continent. I shall then long lose sight of land and feel as though ocean-tossed, though it will be only by the waves of fresh-water lakes. Their presence in the middle of this great country, too, is not merely remarkable in itself. It also indicates

endless and manifold channels which supply them, or which they use in dispatching their surplus water to the great salt sea.

We have had an unusually rough passage from Liverpool, since we dropped into a "depression" as it was "crossing the Atlantic" on its way to "develop energy on the coasts of Great Britain and Norway." It is very interesting to note how the barometer dips down while a ship crosses a cyclone. It is well named a "depression." Our captain said that ours was the roughest voyage he had had this season. But we carried the President of the British Association for the Advancement of Science and many of its members, and so sailed with a reserve of human energy which wholly rose above that of the ocean. The "mechanical section" should have taken a few barrels of oil wherewith to lay the waves. However, as it was, I never saw such a parcel of boys in my life. We had "tugs of war"—made possible by ropes which grinning sailors brought—between "Chemistry and Geology" and other "sections," between married and unmarried, between smokers and non-smokers (in which the latter and the bachelors were heavily beaten), and many other portions of our company. Besides these were hopping matches, races, auctions, mock lectures, concerts, to say nothing of incessant shovel-board and sea-quoits. There were, however, graver phases of life to be found among us. We had services on the two Sundays which we spent at sea; and our philosophers, in company with a number of steerage emigrants, sang away like a Sunday school. It was a jubilant voyage. I never saw so large a proportion of passengers present themselves (though sometimes with much exercise of moral courage) at every meal, however much the ship

might roll and pitch. And she did pitch. Heavy masses (not sprinklings or splashes) of spray flew over her funnels, which were some hundred yards distant from the bows; and when we tried to photograph waves three of us had to hold the legs of the camera-stand while others steadied those of the artist. Then too we found ourselves for a while in the region of ice. The thermometer went down to 42° , from the 93° in the shade which it had just reached at Greenwich, and we saw "bergs." They were the first I had ever seen. One tall white jagged island, steady as an inland rock, which we passed close by, was bombarded by our photographers as long as it remained within range. We had, moreover, an experience of fog much about the same time, and as we were going fast enough to smash the Parisian up if we had run into heavy ice, we were not sorry when the screams of the fog-horn ceased and we slipped out once more into a clear sea. Altogether we had a unique voyage, and the way in which mind triumphed over matter speaks well for British science.

The run up the St. Lawrence is very striking. Hills with marked outline, and mostly wooded, are fringed at the water's edge by a succession of white and red villages. Churches and lighthouses (which might be convertible terms) occur frequently, the former at every seven miles. The hill of Quebec struck me as less than I expected. I will not dwell on the antique quaintness of the town and its population. It is curious to be met by the British flag and the French tongue on landing from a voyage across the Atlantic, and to have the first impressions of America, which some associate too exclusively with the last supposed products of religious freedom, traversed by

nuns and priests, acutely suggestive of mediævalism.

We came here, to Montreal, by a slow express, burning the most bituminous coal that ever was dug up. The region we traversed expresses the condition of Quebec. A very large portion of the country is still primeval forest. Some of this bordered the Grand Trunk Railway by which we travelled, while other parts were thickly studded with the stumps of trees about three feet high, and a little larger than telegraph posts. But there are many thousand homesteads scattered over the land, and marked by rectangular white wooden houses and barns. We passed occasional villages made up by a loose congregation of the same unpicturesque buildings, and each clustered around its church, carrying a bright tin spire. The farming is very rough, and the crops look thin. I saw few sheep or pigs, and no roots whatever. There was a good number of short-horn cattle. I was surprised at not being able to perceive more barn-door fowls about many of the small farms which we passed, especially as there were many small patches of buckwheat and maize, which are their approved food. I was assured, however, that poultry are reared in large quantities in the provinces of Quebec and Ontario. The reaping-machine was busy in the fields, and the whole view suggested local sufficiency and ugly comfort more than any command of distant markets or large apprehension of agricultural influence. But in fact this last impression would be deceptive, since there are many buyers of small quantities of corn to be found scattered over Canada as well as over England, and it is the confluence of the product of the small holdings which flows into Europe more than any

one originally big stream of wheat which comes, like the water of the Nile, from great central reservoirs. The American farmer has mostly no market proper, but is often met by the buyer, at the station or on the road, who asks how much he wants for his load of corn. This suits those, and they are many, who do not grow corn on a large scale. Indeed, the smallness of the holding marks very much of the common American agricultural position. Some take up land in "sections," *i.e.*, farms of 640 acres, but more content themselves with less than the half or quarter of this amount. The average size of Canadian holdings is stated by Professor Brown, of the Guelph Agricultural College, to be about 150 acres. It is this which makes many parts (of the United States especially) to appear more thickly or at least more generally inhabited than portions of the "old country," where the tillers of the soil are gathered (often far too closely) in villages. On the American continent there is little distinction between the occupier and real worker of the soil. The "farmer" there is the man who works with his own hands; and though he may hire helpers, the "labourer," representing such a class as the English "peasant," who toils continuously on the farm, and sometimes on the same farm for years, or for a life, can hardly be said to exist. The rural population thus in Canada and the United States is as a rule sprinkled evenly over the face of the land. Each owner of a half or quarter section, or less, lives on his own plot, and, with his homestead, including several buildings, spots the view with frequent roofs. These are the more numerous, as in many instances the produce of the land is not stacked, but stored in barns which, being white and of

wood, might easily be taken for dwelling-houses at a little distance.

To return to Montreal, whence I write. It is finely placed, though somewhat more smoky than I expected, and with provokingly bare and weedy plots among the houses towards the outskirts of the town. Its population is not so French as that of Quebec, but the old Gallic ownership has left stubborn marks. For instance, when I went for a walk over the Royal Mount which gives its name to the place, and shows the city, river, and plains in one grand view, I asked my way thrice. Each time my question was rejected with a shrug, and I had to put it in French before receiving an answer. This indicates not only a very conservative adherence to national traditions, but a considerable amount of what I might call obstinate isolation. These people, anyhow, had either found enough of their own race and tongue to be independent of English society, or had affected not to understand me. I feel persuaded, however, that their failure to reply arose from sheer ignorance. The shrugs were genuine. They did not know enough English either to apprehend what I said, answer my question, or state their inability to do so. They only shrugged their shoulders at me as if I had been a Chinaman. This severance (although they are loyal citizens) is naturally much deprecated by the present masters of the country. I happened to fall into conversation with a gentleman from Toronto, and when he praised his own city remarked, "It is a pity that you have no Royal Mount there from which to look down on it." "Ay," he replied, "but we have no French."

Many of these live in the poorest parts of Montreal, and, with some Irish, form that stratum in

the community which is the object of much unquestioning and too often disappointing liberality. Most of the charitable institutions here are naturally Roman Catholic, but I especially noticed one which announced on its outside that it was devoted to the care of "Protestant Infants." Poor little ticketed things! There were two or three crowing at an open window close by on the ground floor, and if I had been the Pope himself they would have accepted my stick of barley-sugar with unhesitating acclamation.

Since I am visiting Montreal as a member of the British Association, which is most generously welcomed, I share the hospitality which they receive, being most agreeably lodged in the hospitable house of the Hon. Donald A. Smith, who, as last chairman of the former Hudson's Bay Company, was a chief instrument in the transfer of its authority to the Dominion, and was subsequently with Colonel Wolseley in the business of the Red River Rebellion. Thus I hear much at first hand of the most weighty changes in Canada, and am, as it were, resting in the cradle of its newborn history.

I have, though, naturally been anxious during some pause in this gay time of science and luxury to see the poorer parts of the town. That there are such appears from, say, the dirty beggar-woman, with her wan-faced advertisement of a child sitting on the low wall in Nôtre Dame Place. I have had talks with experienced and intelligent men who have much to do with the poor. There is distinctly much less drunkenness in Montreal than in London, though a few dock labourers may drink more here than they do there, simply because they earn more. Directly the winter stops their dock work, though they might

easily find other employment some way out of town, some beg, and are provided with food and warmed rooms. Otherwise they would be frozen as hard as boards, and the good people of Montreal would not like this. They do not wish to be the last direct agents in thus applying the sentence, "If any man will not work, neither shall he eat." So they feed these lazy drunkards. I find, on repeated inquiry, that if a dock labourer can handle an axe he may in the winter earn twenty dollars a month, with board and lodging, at "lumbering," *i.e.*, chiefly cutting trees down in the forests ready for the spring freshets to float down to the saw-mills. If he is not expert enough at this, he can get employment in tending cattle, under shelter, for farmers, within accessible distance, at ten dollars a month, in addition to board and lodging. But he sometimes prefers the charity of Montreal. I have not, however, confined my inquiries to those who know about the poorest class, but give the result of an expedition of several hours which I have made, under the kind guidance of Canon Ellegood, to some of the meanest places in Montreal. He has been more than thirty years in this city, and knows its pastoral and sanitary ins and outs as well as or better than most. He took great interest in my inquiries which I made pencil in hand. Genuine slums are found here, but they are not nearly so thick as in some parts of London. We paid a good many visits, though I do not record them all. Our first was to Mrs. S—, in a back yard. Husband works for the "corporation"—*i.e.*, what we should call "parish." Earns, when in work, equivalent to 24s. a week. Rent a little over 4s. a week. Seven children. Three small rooms. Mr. M—,

5s. a week, much the same story. Mr. D—, uncertain occupation; crippled. Wife does charing. Several children. Four rooms. Stagnant water under floor. Been to the health officer. He came three weeks ago; not been since. Nothing done. Pays 7s. a week rent, and small water rate. Had to do a lot of his own papering and plastering to make the rooms decent. Has hired his rooms by the year. Pays 10d. for a 4 lb. loaf. (We tested this by going into the shop round the corner, asking the price, and having the loaf weighed. I found that he bought the best bread. The cost of seconds in relation to the first was as three to four.) Vegetables—now what did he pay for vegetables? “Bring what you have just bought,” cried he to his wife. She produced four moderately sized Swedish and two small white turnips. “We got these,” said she, “from a countryman in the street, for seven cents”—*i.e.*, 3½d. “Would have had to pay twice as much at a store”—*i.e.*, shop. “Fish now?” “Oh, missus, bring those haddocks. We paid thirty-five cents—*i.e.*, 1s. 5½d.—for them this morning.” They were two small fish. “What do you pay for meat?” “Well, the best is fifteen cents—*i.e.*, 7½d. a pound; coarser, not more than 6d.” Potatoes, 1s. a bushel. Paraffin, for lamp, 1s. a gallon. Coals, what were they? About half-a-crown a hundredweight now—in summer; bituminous a little dearer than anthracite. This is a very heavy price. Butter? Twenty-five cents—*i.e.*, 1s. per pound. The Canon, who was watching and checking all these answers, said he paid twenty-two cents for the best. Bacon, 5d. to 6d. a pound. Suit of working clothes about ten dollars—*i.e.*, £2. The dustbin is generally emptied twice in the week. The drains were bad, and

“got into his brain.” Lodgers? Didn’t have any, but might have as many as he pleased, provided they were “reputable.” What were the rents of the tenements above his? “Well, the lady in the next floor paid six dollars a month” —*i.e.*, about 6s. a week, and a small water rate. I think she had three small rooms. “But,” said he, “rents have risen.” Canon Ellegood confirmed this, and said we had seen and interviewed representatives of the poorest classes, but that skilled artisans got from two to three dollars a day. The children (who are now at the tail of their holidays, which last two months) were often dirtier, but less so than those of a similar class in English towns. I saw no genuine specimen of the irrepressible street boy. The Montreal urchin is quieter than his London cousin. Of course, he has some disputes over dirt-pies, and paddles in unclean puddles. But as far as I can see, he plays at neither marbles, top, cat, nor chuck-farthing; though some toss balls aimlessly and feebly. I noticed that the first woman we called on had no shoes or stockings. No more had Mr. D—; but then he had no feet. They had been frost-bitten, and cut off. I need not give the result of several more visits; they produced about the same tale. The first impression produced in several places on Mr. Brooke Lambert, the Vicar of Greenwich, and a keen social inquirer (who accompanied me), and myself was that they were as bad as some we were familiar with in London. But the interiors were decidedly cleaner in most instances. After a long bout of visitation, we had each some milk in a small shop. For this we paid five cents —*i.e.*, 2½d. per glass. But the glass was rather larger than those used for the purpose in London. The milk had been skimmed, though.

After our round we went to "The Montreal Protestant House of Industry and Refuge." Here one hundred and fifty men and women were found, mostly old and permanent inmates. But any man applying for a meal was supplied with one, and in winter there would be three hundred sleeping on the premises. We spoke to several from Bristol, Manchester, and elsewhere, who were still quite at sea. They were helpless sort of fellows, and the bright matron who went round with us and talked very audibly and freely about the inmates before their faces complained of such immigrants. She gave them, in one sense indirectly, for she did not address them, but ourselves, a "bit of her mind." And it was a very sensible kindly mind too. Some in the house were obviously of weak intellect, but several were most unmistakable "cadgers." I have not been chairman of a large East London Charity Organisation committee for ten years without being able to spot these gentlemen. This institution is the only Protestant one in Montreal which relieves men. Some others help women and children. All are supported by voluntary contributions or managed by volunteers, there being no poor-law here. I have already noticed that the Roman Catholics have their own philanthropical machinery, which is extensive, and, like other good work of the same sort, helps to breed pauperism. The internal condition of the Canadian towns does not, however, measure the produce and possibilities of the Dominion. Its energy is not focussed in cities, but is mostly operative in the field, plain, and forest.

I ought, though, in referring to Canadian energy, to note one special phase of it, and must mention the spirited conduct of the Montreal

newspapers. They give the proceedings of the Association at great length, along with news and comments of local, colonial, and European interest. Many parties are being given in the afternoons and evenings. The Governor-General held a reception the other night at the M'Gill College, and smilingly shook hands about a thousand times.

Though a detailed account of our doings is suited only to current scientific journals, or elaborate final "reports," I cannot refrain from noticing a few phases in the procedure of the Association which have a wider and more popular interest than the "papers" which were read. The municipal authorities welcomed their English kinsmen in the Queen's Hall, which holds about 1,200 people, and was well filled. The mayor (a short and smiling Frenchman in spectacles, heavily chained) read a well-written English address with laudable conscientiousness and very successful leaps over some ugly-looking verbal fences. Then, after a reply by Sir William Thompson, who represented the retiring president, Mr. Mayor, with a strong foreign accent and terse cordiality, called on the great assemblage for "God Save the Queen." It was sung with a universal heartiness which instantly set upon the mind a deep impression of Canadian loyalty. This was, if possible, deepened in the evening, when the hall was again packed tight with a panting and patient crowd which watched for the faintest references to the radical relationship between Canada and England, and applauded them rapturously. The President, for lack of time, was unable to read the whole of his paper. His address was well received, and a short concluding reference he made to the inevitable difficulty which a purely scientific worker feels when

he attempts to break into the higher mysteries of being with the tools of calculation and experiment was warmly appreciated. Lord Lansdowne made an excellent speech. It not merely touched the leading thoughts of those present with neatness, but was marked throughout by a generous, statesmanlike, and thoughtful cordiality. A French gentleman (I call him French, though he was a British citizen) delivered himself at great length, being unwisely cheered when he showed signs of pulling up. The audience were determined to have it supposed that he was perfectly understood by all. So he was by many natives, Montreal being half French; but I question if the crowd of "scientists" who clapped till their palms tingled were quite so clear in their minds about the details of his utterance.

Montreal is a place of about 180,000 people. Its streets are spacious and furnished with good shops, nearly all of which have their signs or names sticking out. The cabs are made to open if necessary, and are well served. The hoardings invite the passer-by to purchase "Reckitt's Blue," "Stephens' inks for hot weather," and "Nestle's infant food." Carts go round and drop blocks of ice at every door. The French language sounds in the air and shows itself over shops. Spires and towers are numerous. I believe that this is called the "City of Churches." Swarthy Roman priests in spectacles, tall hats, and cassocks walk about the streets. Anglican parsons, in very correct clerical suits, wear mostly black wideawakes. Many elegantly dressed ladies drive about and illustrate the latest advance in the science of fashionable adornment. The principal public edifices are as big and solid as the Mansion House. Policemen are equipped with flat caps

and blue serge sacks. They carry their *bâtons* in their hands, at the risk of lowering the influence of their moral force

Ottawa, August 30, 1884.

This is a city of palaces and timber-yards. The Houses of Parliament are apparently big enough for the "Dominion" over the earth. They are equipped with an excellent library of 110,000 volumes, and being set upon a hill are seen from afar. I noticed that there were no "cross benches," and on asking whether any members of the Dominion Parliament had independent views, was answered in the negative. Anyhow, their places of deliberation, furnished with large galleries, wherefrom public opinion may be immediately gathered, are importunately big. But, in their way, the sawmills are bigger. Huge trunks of trees come floating lazily down the Ottawa and its affluents for hundreds of miles till they reach a row of monsters, full of greedy teeth within, which straddle over the current. Here the trunks, all slippery and dripping, are caught up at one end of a shed and issue from the other, literally within a few minutes, in such finished planks as you might buy from a carpenter at Notting Hill. The way in which a great log, ten feet or twelve feet round, is hoisted fresh from the water, laid upon a truck, pinned rigidly down in an instant, and then, suddenly, by means of a great whirling saw, finds one side of himself as flat as a wall, is almost truculent. You expect him to cry out. But he is sliced up before he has time to think. I saw one of the smaller trunks cut into eight three-inch twenty-one-foot planks in seven seconds. In a very few minutes more these were trimmed and thrust out into the build-

ing world; so far ready for use. Large and small trees are disposed of at an equal rate. Some half-dozen mouths in a row, within one shed, keep gobbling them up at the same time and sending them out in clean deal boards without any appearance of chips, sawdust, or rounded outside slabs. These all disappear rapidly through holes in the floor, and no litter accompanies the neat procession of planks which make their appearance at the land end of the shed, and are rapidly carried off in trucks.

The accumulation of "deals" at Ottawa is of course enormous. When you look down from the terrace behind the Houses of Parliament the river banks far inland are seen to be brown with square stacks of prepared timber awaiting export. And much of the water is like Alderney cream. That is from the sawdust which is whirled down into the river from the mills. When a steamer traverses these yellow plains their more appropriate resemblance to wood recurs, for the sheets of spray spring from her bows like coils of shavings from a plane.

I do not offer any description of the city, nor dwell upon the influences which caused it to be chosen as the capital; nor do I venture to define the political constitution of the Dominion. Are not these things written in books of reference? Of course Montreal, Quebec, and Toronto each wished the seat of Government to be placed within itself. Thus the Home authorities took a pair of compasses, and finding roughly the centre of that which had been reckoned as Canada, built the houses of the Legislature at this hitherto almost obscure place. When the newly-opened North-West territories are as fully peopled as the old provinces the present arrangement will be

obviously lopsided. Measurement would then point to Winnipeg as the middle city.

I date from Ottawa, as the Association is having a Saturday holiday, and a number of us have been most hospitably entertained here. First we had an address, written by the Bishop of Ontario, whom I shortly conversed with afterwards, and who was legitimately enjoying the consciousness of having taken a prominent part in the invitation of the British visitors to the metropolis of the Dominion. We have a special train in attendance, carriages to drive about in while here, and have been feasted at a grand spread, with a gilt *menu*, at the "Russell." A crowd waits at the station to see us off. The sky flutters with a forest of British flags, and the band is putting trumpet to mouth that we may hear "God save the Queen" as we steam slowly away in a tumult of cheers.

September 3rd.—I have been favoured with an invitation to join the select party of the British Association which starts for the summit of the Rocky Mountains to-morrow. This sets one smartly to work to gather up loose ends and realise that the rush of scientific and sumptuary provision is coming to a sudden end. But we have two or three more gatherings, and an army of importunate carpenters have been summoned by our too hospitable host to "rush up" (that, I believe, is the correct Canadian term) a spacious addition to his already roomy house in order to entertain some hundred and fifty extra guests to-night. The party going to the "Rockies" will have a special train, be well cared for, and find facilities for visiting those spots in the prairie which will enable us best to form an opinion about the condition and prospects of settlers in the

North-West. Meanwhile the work of the Association draws to an end. It has been in one sense very successful, but the social side of it would seem to be as attractive as the "spectrum analysis." In fact, the making of the Atlantic as nothing, the extension of Albemarle Street to the Pacific Ocean, and the very short time in which it is now possible so to extend it, marks an "advance of science" which, when realised, swallows up smaller performances, strides over shorter steps, and leaves an impression on thousands beyond the circle in which the British Association is mostly honoured. Such a gathering, moreover, as we have had at Montreal emphasises the progress which is being made in the realisation of Greater Britain. The better knowledge of one another by Englishmen beyond the seas and at home is no unfit phase of "science." This meeting helps to show that social as well as scientific sympathy, when appealed to on a large scale, over huge areas, is easier than many think. That which some held to be impossible in respect to the gathering here is now so far a thing of the past as to have been done; but I shall be greatly surprised if it does not set up a fresh action of fellowship with colonies of Englishmen, and become the mother of manifold meetings between such bodies as were supposed to have become inevitably separated, however strong old ties may have been. Indeed, the project of holding a gathering at Melbourne is already being unofficially discussed. One of our moving spirits (or bodies) has asked me if I would, all well, be willing to attend a meeting in Australia.

At the final assemblage in the Queen's Hall, when several honorary degrees were conferred on vice-presidents and distinguished visitors, the

steam of loyalty was not seen to have been evaporated in the least, and their sense of union was, perhaps, even more distinctly realised in the parting words of the speakers. There was a great interchange of kindly farewells. Then bags and boxes were soon seen to be crowding the fragile-looking Montreal cabs, and the trains began taking visitors off towards the uttermost parts of the earth, including eventually Australia. They will be sealed with some more American impressions before they reach home, but the "breaking-up" has come, and the college servants will soon wash off the staring paper notices which the bill-stickers have put up to guide us from section to section.

I am not yet in a position to know what peculiarly new light has been shed upon science during the meeting. Indeed, it may be doubted in these days (when a fresh discovery, a new view of an old one, or a reasonable conclusion that has been reached, is immediately published) whether any wholly original or unexpected revelation can be made at these meetings. A man may possibly bottle his notions up and keep them dark till they can be uncorked in a "section" of the British Association. This, however, is, it seems, not usual, nor easy, but I am told that a curiously suggestive inner door has been indicated or opened into the past by an American, Mr. Cushing, whose name may be known to some of my readers as the contributor of some interesting articles to "Harper's Magazine." He is a singular-looking man, slight, youngish, with a dreamy eye and a far-off mystic gaze. He has been living with ancient New Mexican Indians for five years—as one of them—and has been initiated as a priest in their tribe. Being at the same time an antiquary

and keen anthropologist, he has given evidence which experts recognise as probably connecting some ornamentation of the oldest classic sort or pattern with the cavemen, through Indians of New Mexico who have preserved (or not destroyed) relics of manufacture dating from the dimmest past. A faint connecting thread may eventually come to be established between ancient Greece itself and those widespread cavemen who carved their tools with spirited delineations of the animals of their time, and hunted the woolly rhinoceros. Mr. Boyd Dawkins is keenly awake to this possible opening of or pointing to a door of history which may reveal fresh human vistas into the remote past.

Of course, the grave procedure and sometimes ponderous performance of the week has been lit by sparks of scientific fun. Many were puzzled to know whether they should laugh or not when a "cablegram" came from Australia saying that the *Ornithorhynchus paradoxus* had laid an egg. But unhesitating smiles pervaded the anxious faces of "scientists" on the receipt of a communication from a member who had reached and "wired" from the North Pole. "Found a Scotsman in charge. Says his name is Thomson. Please forward buns. Bears getting troublesome." I dare say that this is an old joke, but then old jokes are sometimes better than new. One function which has been observed for several years has not been omitted at this gathering—I mean the "Lion Dinner." It is a deliberate taking of the wits out of severely scientific harness, and a laying-down of the reins upon their necks, which results in a banquet with humorous circumstances and speeches. But this play of the philosophers cannot be reproduced in cold blood and black ink.

The flavour of the thing would wholly disappear.

Having spent a Sunday here, and finding the air quite silent so far as the forest of church spires and towers which mark Montreal are concerned, I asked a native whether they had any bells. "Plenty," said he, "but we hang them on our engines, not in our church towers." This is true enough. Each locomotive has a huge bell which tolls steadily as the bare train moves down the city street, or sets out from the station—like a funeral. My acquaintance added, "These and the ships' horns are enough for us." So the churches opened as silently as theatres, and I, for one, cannot see why the use of town bells, especially those in London, should not be at least lessened. In some poor crowded districts the harsh jangling of a solitary church kettle for half an hour before morning service is enough to get the parson heartily cursed by the weary men who are seeking some little repose upon the day of rest.

Of course there are no "chapels" here. I went with my good host in the morning to "St. Paul's Church." Organ, painted windows, congregation kneeling, or supposed to be so, during prayers, and standing to sing. Sermon preached from a manuscript. Outside were divers crosses; stone, and those of that partly gilt metal which peculiarly marks Roman Catholic churches. And this was a Presbyterian place of worship. I preached in the evening at St. James's, where the service is helped by an excellent surpliced choir and antiphonal organ, well played. It is dangerous to generalise, and I find myself on thin ice (though it is mostly three feet thick at Montreal) in setting down impressions I have already received about the work of the English Church in Canada; yet I

try to scrape as many brains as I can, besides looking about and listening for myself. There it here a far greater contrast between the position of the country and town clergyman than exists or can be realised in England. In such an old province as that of Quebec, where the majority of the population is intensely Roman Catholic, and both Presbyterians and Methodists are very powerful and active, the country clergyman with a scattered flock, who aims at anyway realising the position of a "parson" in the "old country," leads a life which in some senses, and to any educated man, must be a very trying one. A stream of them is thus they say setting towards the "North-West," of which English Canadian talk is full, and Roman Catholic authorities often step quickly in and occupy the places which have belonged to Anglicans. They "buy them out," to use the expression of an experienced Montreal rector to myself. I may here note that the French and Irish show little desire to invade the newly-opened prairie territories, but (having an inherited tendency to small penurious farming and the cultivation of unpromising soil) are creeping into those regions beyond the banks of the St. Lawrence which have hitherto been untouched.

To return to the position of the clergy. Their stipends are more equalised than with us, but no one, I imagine, receives so much as the Presbyterian minister of St. Paul's, of which I have spoken. He is highly esteemed by his congregation, especially as a conscientious "pastor." Possibly, however, there might be found a church in Winnipeg nearly as well provided with an income, though perhaps strictly not an official one. That exception was suggested to me by a clergyman in

the province of Quebec. One remark has been several times repeated to myself by loyal, long-resident churchmen here to the effect that there is somewhat too ready a tendency to lean too much on the great societies in England, and the money to be got there by asking. These temptations, and the trips to indulge them, are, however, natural enough. But some Canadians smile. Again and again have I heard the remark—mind you, with much good-humour and appreciation of the energy of the man—"Yes. Sir. But the Bishop of Saskatchewan. . . . Well. . . . He *is* a beggar." Looking at the thing from this side, where "emigrants" are called "immigrants," and are no longer a drain upon the generous, I am inclined, from the free talk of laymen expressing themselves loyally about the matter, to suspect that the use of the offertory in Canada itself, though general, is not yet sufficiently realised by some of the Dominion clergy. There are many country places, however, where a small grant from one of the old societies in the mother country is of more value than it seems. It is a material expression of sympathy, and sometimes acts like the pint of water which sets the pump working. I give these impressions for what they are worth. Anyhow, I have not been able to help receiving them.

Toronto, September 5.

I am resting here on my way to the Rockies, while we are about to hear some address from the Corporation, attend a party, be presented at Government House, and look about the place. It is a striking example of Canadian growth, though often ranked with the much older cities of Montreal and Quebec. Within the lifetime of the

oldest Canadians Toronto had not begun to exist. The forest covered its site on the shore of Lake Ontario. Now, though there is a finished look about its chief streets, they have an air of movement and progress which makes the visitor readily believe the assurances of its further increase given by residents. It is growing fast. I lunched with the hospitable warden of Trinity College, which belongs to the Episcopal Church, and realised the prescience of its founders, who built it outside the city, and thus enabled it to be set in the midst of grounds nearly forty acres in extent. These bid fair to be in their turn surrounded by houses. Thus before very long this institution will eventually find itself admirably placed for the population of the town to come, and at the same time furnished with plenty of air and space for recreation. The colleges of Toronto, indeed, form its most striking features. Besides Trinity, which is really a University, somewhat on the lines of its namesake at Dublin, there is the great unsectarian establishment called after the city itself, and a large Presbyterian one, with several other halls and institutes. Thus the sentiment of education pervades Toronto. It has the character of producing the most marked literary atmosphere in the Dominion. Born of the forest eighty years ago, when its toilsome brave progenitors first brought human hand and hopes to bear upon its infancy, the earliest and latest productions of this city are as it were brought together in some of the last utterances of its children. I am thinking of a volume of poems by Isabella Valancy Crawford, published by Bain and Son, Toronto. The air is no doubt now darkened with endless pages of "poetry." They drop like leaves from the literary tree, mostly to perish un-

noticed in its shade, except when they are ruthlessly swept up (to be soon carted away out of sight) by the broom of the reviewer. But this book, though not without faults of untrained magniloquence, has the ring of great promise. In its author the continent of America may possibly hail another voice of which it may justly learn to be proud. I give a passage fitting the thought of a place of which the site was hewed from the primeval woods of Canada, and which yet in time bears the fruit of refined and educated words.

“ I heard him tell

How the first field upon his farm was ploughed.
 He and his brother Reuben, stalwart lads,
 Yoked themselves, side by side, to the new plough ;
 Their weaker father, in the grey of life
 (But rather the wan age of poverty
 Than many winters), in large gnarl'd hands
 The plunging handles held ; with mighty strains
 They drew the ripping beak through knotted sod,
 Thro' tortuous lanes of blacken'd, smoking stumps ;
 And past great flaming brush heaps, sending out
 Fierce summers, beating on their swollen brows.
 O, such a battle ! had we heard of serfs
 Driven to like hot conflict with the soil,
 Armies had march'd, and navies swiftly sail'd
 To burst their gyves. But here's the little point—
 The polished di'mond pivot on which spins
 The wheel of Difference—they OWN'D the rugged soil,
 And fought for love—dear love of wealth and pow'r
 And honest ease and fair esteem of men.”

Toronto may be pleased at publishing lines thus radically fresh.

Among the other advantages accompanying the situation of this city its nearness to the Falls of

Niagara might be mentioned. They are reached by a short run across the lake. I am not going to add another to the thousand descriptions of these, and say how the great green wheel of water, oceanic in its movement, turns slowly over the hidden cliff and fills the air far and wide with the sound as of a great soft crush, while the pillar of mist stands high above to mark the weighty plunge beneath. But I must add my mite to the protests which arise at the insufferably impertinent crowding of catchpenny interests around this awful fall of the St. Lawrence. There are people who would sell excursion tickets to the Garden of Eden itself after equipping it with a stuffed boa constrictor and wax models of Adam and Eve. Perhaps this suits an age which sends gaping tourists to see a "Passion Play" (what a collocation of words!) and prints in the papers how much a day the "Christ" is paid to hang upon a histrionic cross; but here a sublime living spectacle is marred by the fringe of peering pepper-boxes which squat upon its brink and entertain the sight-seer with the Falls of Niagara themselves—garnished with the sauce of lobster salad and brandy cocktails.

I hate "sights," and cordially growl at the greed which is permitted to do its best (or worst) to turn this vision of infinite falling waters into one. I could not even bring myself "to shoot the rapids" at Lachine. Many at Montreal talked of this sensational performance. "Have you done your rapids?" was a frequent inquiry. "You can take the train at seven in the morning to the station where the steamer starts, and get back to a late breakfast." The sensation would have tasted sweeter if it had come in the due course of an outing.

Not so with the run to the Rocky Mountains. These were before us. They stood on the farthest horizon of our projected expeditions. They formed the ultimate aim of the more distant excursion arranged to be made on the breaking-up of the scientific company at Montreal. Though we are still very far off from them here, I find that the privilege of being in the special party is becoming more distinct. "Are you a Rocky?" is the question frequently asked. The party, too, now is somehow cut down from a hundred and fifty to about sixty. I happened to be one of the company at a grand reception in the grounds of the Government House, when a friend came up and told me that a hitch had arrived in the arrangements for our special train, and that the number of its passengers was being seriously limited. So I called a cab (necessarily with two horses, and really a big family barouche), and bidding the coachman drive with all speed to the office of the Canadian Pacific Railway, found myself there in less than two minutes. He did not tell me it was round the next corner. However, my own place was safe. We go on to "Owen Sound" to-morrow, and take water (fresh) for Port Arthur, whence we run to Winnipeg and pause again. Talking of water, that of Montreal and Toronto disagrees most seriously with visitors at first. I have avoided it, as milk is plentiful, and you can get Apollinaris easily; but some of my fellow-travellers have suffered severely. The heat in the train yesterday was very great. At one station, where a cart of ice was being unloaded, the rush for fragments was tumultuous. We passed through a dreary region for fourteen hours. There were many settlers, it is true, and log

houses. And there were villages; but the soil is occasionally poor. Rocks perpetually hunched up their rounded shoulders and backs which had long ago been scraped by ice. Huge glaciers once ploughed our course. The crops look mean, and long stretches of imperfectly-cleared land are traversed by the track. Sometimes the train plunges into untouched primeval forest; then it snorts through a wilderness of short stumps, the whole growth of wood having been shaved off a yard from the ground, and then seemingly singed. The engine burned bituminous coal, and as the wind mostly met us, it sent a great deal of its smoke into the carriages. Some of us were nearly as dirty as sweeps, and the adherence of the smuts was helped by the heat. I hung my thermometer up on the shady side of the compartment, and it marked 93 deg. A scientific fellow-traveller thought I had been playing tricks with it, and hung up his own. It told the same tale. Thus (though not crowded) we were hot and thirsty. At last we reached Toronto, and those who had taken the trouble to telegraph for a bedroom got one; but the gentlemen, representatives of the corporation, who "boarded" us some miles from the town, were anxiously perplexed to advise a good many of our party, as there happens just now to be an exceptional strain put upon the hotels of the city. I had dispatched a postcard for a room—a simple precaution—and am very comfortably lodged. But I never spent such a melting and grimy day as yesterday. The negro who serves my bedroom—I am writing there before breakfast—is quite affectionately impressed by my mention of it, and has brought in tea, bread-and-butter, and good store of Apollinaris and ice. On his appearing with the latter, which I had not

ordered, I have complimented him on his attentions, and assured him that the record of them is now being forwarded to the Religious Tract Society in London. And he has this moment bowed himself out as only a negro can, with an ivory smile reaching pretty well to the back of his neck, and an obvious impression that something very pleasant is being said of him to somebody. And he deserves it.

S.S. Alberta, on Lake Superior.

We are now out of sight of land in the middle of the American continent. I had never made a voyage before in one of these fresh-water seas, but realise that its waters may be more stormy than some that are salt, and that a ship three hundred feet long can here be pitched about almost like a Channel steamer. But one misses the taste of brine upon the lips, however freely the spray may fly over the decks. Presently we expect to see the tip of Thunder Cape rise from the water as we shall approach Port Arthur, which is at the head of the lake. Thence we run straight to Winnipeg, doing Colonel Wolseley's famous march of some two or three months in twenty-four hours. The sense of the hugeness of this British territory begins to creep closely upon one. I look out of my cabin window towards the north—so indeed might I, had I one in a barge on the Regent's Canal—but the reflection that the whole population of the Dominion hence, north, east, and west, from the Straits of Belle Isle to the Pacific, taking in the Pole, is about the same as that which is compressed into the metropolis of England, and traversed by an underground train in an hour, seems to leave much more room for man than he wants. It is

an unmeaning use of a word to say that the old owner, the Indian, is "crowded out." But he is so sensitive as to shrink at the first touch of the white hand. There are moods in which I find myself asking whether it is well to disturb this land of historical repose. We can all see a repulsive side to the utilitarian movements of our day. What had the Indian done that he should be rudely thrust aside, or poisoned with small-pox and rum? Perhaps the answer should be "nothing." He is a lazy, quarrelsome, picturesque savage, fond of torturing his enemies and wearing their scalps as signs of social consideration. But the process of his extinction is unpleasant. The edge of the civilising wave is almost always unclean, like the fringe of the tide which carries dead cats and old shoes in its front rank. Anyhow, the Indian is seen here in no honour. He has shrunk from the touch of the busy white hand. Our surroundings often remind us of this withdrawal on his part. We have lately passed through the locks which enable great iron ships to mount in twenty minutes from the level of Huron to Superior. The rapids of Sault St. Marie tumble in blue and white whirlpools by their side. The Indian once was the unknown and undisturbed master of both the bright-green wooded banks between which they foam. Then the finger of the European began to creep in, and the Indian bent his back to carry loads from boats on the lower lake to those on the higher. Then the locks were made, and ships three hundred feet long rise from level to level, literally in a few minutes, with all their crews and merchandise on board. The only sign of the Indian now is a dancing bark canoe, wherein he sometimes tempts an idler to "shoot the rapids" for a shilling. So

has he come down. It may be right, but it is piteous.

The town of Sault St. Marie is set on the river, some sixty miles long, which connects Huron with Superior, and near the exit of which from the latter lake the well-known rapids are met. The town itself is cut through by the boundary which divides the United States from Canada, and it is the basis of much American boast in these parts that the English side is asleep while the other is more than awake. "Look, sir," said a Yankee to me as our ship was entering the lock, "at the difference between America and England. There" (pointing to the Canadian side) "a few will struggle down to see the Bishop land" (we had just set the Bishop of Algoma ashore by his square white stone house among the trees) "while here we move on." I could not help reminding him that the great ship we were on was English, and that if his people built locks, we largely used them. The locks, though, are a work of which any city might be proud. When the Canadian Pacific Railway has run for a while along the northern shore of Lake Superior, and the traveller will be able to sit in one seat while he is being whisked from Montreal to Winnipeg, the Canadian waterside should become fringed with industry. The track, they say, will be opened for use some time in 1885. At present every bank presents an incalculable store of wood, a solitary maple—already crimson—showing here and there like a red flag or danger-signal among the dark firs. Far away, in line above line where the horizon rises, there appears nothing but trees. Trees stand thick as corn upon the plains, and the islands which lie off the shore are crowded with growing timber. Now and then, indeed, you see a little brown line close to

the water's brink. This is a row of deal stacks which a saw-mill has eaten out of the forest ; and yet the biggest piles are but as tiny chips which a child might cut off a stick by the side of a great wood—mere wormcasts at the edge of a wide plain. Talk about the cultivation of this North-West ! I suppose it will come, but now it is as the tending of a flower-pot with a garden trowel in the corner of a rough twenty-acre field. Even in the old provinces of Ontario and Quebec, which are supposed to have been long tilled, an immense proportion of the soil is not cleared. Here let me say, in respect to such as is under cultivation, that an English farmer has need to forget much if he would succeed. Speaking roughly, "roots" are not grown. They can seldom be eaten off for winter feed, the frost being too intense, and therefore if so used have all to be carted under cover. Thus ensilage is eagerly being looked to for the feeding of cattle. Then too, in parts, there is a serious risk in autumn sowing of wheat. Early freezing spring winds are apt to shave it clean off. Then again the treatment of various parts differs much. But generally the farming is, to the English eye, very rough indeed. Indeed, throughout enormous districts there is, properly speaking, no farming at all. The settler puts in a few grains of corn and reaps many. In some places he grows wheat after wheat in a careless way without manure, but with some fair return. The soil eventually becomes exhausted. Then the farmer packs up his traps, goes West, and takes another holding. I hear great variety of opinion about the export of store cattle. Some think that it will increase largely ; others say, "Nay, but we will fat them at home." I should have said in respect to some remarks, in a former letter, about the agricultural homesteads

of the older provinces, that, since buyers wait there, the railway stations are virtually the farmers' market.

The sight of the fields there, knowing, moreover, that it was to be followed by that of the fertile but unploughed prairie, had set one thinking of the course which should be followed by inexperienced young men desirous of seeking their fortune by Canadian farming. I asked many how they should begin. All said that some local experience was desirable, and that to work hard was imperative. We naturally have divers trustworthy agriculturists with us, and from them I gather that a young fellow wishing to farm in Canada could not do better than go for a while to the Agricultural College at Guelph, Ontario. There he will not be tempted to keep hunters or play incessant lawn-tennis, but expected to put his bones into the business, and find his way into the work to be done with his hands as well as his eyes and ears.

Port Arthur, September 8.

After two nights' and part of three days' direct steaming on this fresh-water sea we have reached Port Arthur, at present the great mouth of the North-West. It is being "rushed up," and from a little distance much of it seems to be a collection of huge deal cases. We were to have started in an hour, but the first word we heard when within earshot of the quay was that there had been a "big wash out" some 180 miles up the Winnipeg line. Floods have lately tried this new railway, and the result is that we are sent back to the Alberta, the engineer of the Canadian Pacific, who has come aboard, telling us that we cannot start before to-morrow. Thus we have wandered about the wooden side-walks of the town in cheery

disappointment, and realised that we could buy pretty well anything wanted, from artificial flowers and Eno's Fruit Salt to "real estates." Nor are things dear. Dr. Selwyn has just bought a pair of very strong-looking boots for $5\frac{1}{2}$ dollars. There is also a "Port Arthur Literary Exchange and Reading-room," up a flight of new deal stairs, over a cigar-shop, professing to have "always on view" (as if they were waxwork) "all the leading daily, weekly, and monthly periodicals, etc., of this continent and England." On my showing a disposition to go in the manager said I had better not, as there was a "young man sick there with some kind of low fever."

We were boarded by the representatives of the press directly after our arrival, and in a few hours the "Daily Sentinel" published the names of the "distinguished visitors" of Port Arthur. We have also been visited by the mayor, and have had an interview with the late Premier, the Hon. Alexander Mackenzie, who, out of one of the most immovable faces I ever saw, suddenly produced about the best speech we have heard. He spoke exactly as one of Mr. Maskelyne's personages might, without the slightest play of feature or any seeming movement of the lip or eye. Two reporters behind him set it all down. Sir Richard Temple is our chief speaker in acknowledging the municipal and other salutations which the British Association (now consisting of about seventy "Rockies") meets with in traversing the continent. They are mostly here around me in the saloon of the Alberta, writing up journals, examining grasses they have plucked, or playing tricks with the buttons which rule the electric light of the ship. A buzz of talk fills the air, but all occasionally glance at the clock, awaiting the dinner

bell. Meanwhile fresh torrents of rain rattle on the cabin roof, and ("the" hotel of Port Arthur having lately been burnt) I am at a loss to think what we shall do when the Alberta sails back again to Owen Sound to-morrow, and possibly leaves us unable to proceed towards Winnipeg. I suppose we shall have to put up in the motionless Pulmans which are waiting to take us on our journey. . . . We have suddenly been all called from the cabin to bid farewell to the chosen Manitoba canoe men, who are just steaming carefully out of the harbour to join Lord Wolsley's Egyptian force. We have duly cheered these mercenaries and watched them till we could not distinguish the notes of "God Save the Queen," singing which they slipped slowly out into Thunder Bay. Talking of singing, we had two services yesterday, almost all of those on board being present and joining heartily in worship. The Bishop of Ontario and I preached, a layman also giving an address.

9 a.m., Sept. 9.—I woke at five and listened for the rain. All was still save a subdued Gargantuan gurgle by the engines, which were talking in their sleep, and the boom of a champion snorer, who asserted himself like a foghorn. There is no rain, but great masses of moist-looking grey cloud are piled up towards a veiled moon. . . . Now we are off. . . . *Evening.*—All day long we have been passing through a half-burnt primeval forest (patched with small blue lakes) which our accompanying Canadian authorities tell us is "private property." A man has come down our special, which consists of three Pulman cars, distributing large official maps of our route. These show square sections on either side (which look like prolonged chessboards),

and the printed information which accompanies them and indicates the nature of their soil, tells us which are still for sale. We stop occasionally at a small station to water the engine. Then all our botanists jump out to reap and our entomologists to whisk after small prey with green gauze nets. We have had also a sufficient pause for a well-cooked and abundant midday dinner. This train will be our home for some ten days if we choose. Having lost twenty-four hours, it is proposed to push on to the Rockies, taking most objects of interest on our way back. At present we are all in tearing spirits at the welcome sunshine and our delayed plunge into the great North-West. In a few hours we rose, by my aneroid, nearly a thousand feet above the level of Lake Superior, the rapidity of our rise being occasionally indicated by glimpses of a river of boiling coffee which plunged to meet us, sometimes close to the track, and then far below between sloping wooded banks. I cannot spell its name, and no one can pronounce it when it is spelled. It begins with Kam, or Kan, and then has a tangled tail of vowels half a yard long with some q's in the middle. Our cars are very comfortable, and the polite chief inspector or officer of the line travels with us, as if we were the Queen. We were to have been a train of men, being "limited to gentlemen only," but somehow, to our surprise, find that we have got three young ladies on board, besides Mrs. Laurie, the kind wife of the genial general who accompanies us. This is all very delightful at present, but promises to be embarrassing, as there is no specially select ladies' compartment, and we all have to sleep and are supposed to "perform our toilets" in this. There is no prospect of these

damsels being dropped at Winnipeg. They mean business, and whispers go about that one is a "stowaway," a young scientific lady from Aberdeen, who has made a vow to go with us to the Rockies. She comes by herself. Two have admitted a pair of young "scientists" to play a game of cards with them, and are now chattering over it with an utterance of merriment which forbids the thought of its being whist. You will perceive that I am writing in the train. I have indeed the next berth to these fair travellers. Meanwhile, hour after hour we are rushing through a primeval forest of trees, mostly firs, about twice the size of telegraph posts. This is marked with the signs of fire and water, being traversed by miles-wide bands of conflagration and spotted with bright ponds and meres. Clearings are very scarce, but between the watering stations we sometimes pass a square log hut with a little growing circle of cultivation, and tanned children standing at the door to see us pass, or a conical Indian wigwam set at the edge of a lake, with a birch canoe drawn up on the shore hard by, and a few stolid squaws, with long, straight black hair, glowering at the train. No mountains are visible, but the ice-scraped shoulder of an underground one is sometimes thrust above the peaty soil.

I must now end my letter, as it is proposed to pass by Winnipeg, possibly in the course of the night, visiting it as we, all well, return. We shall, however, dispatch a parcel of letters to the post there, and I send this among them. It has suddenly become pitch dark, but the train, full of lamps and English chatter, is whirling like a torch through the forest of the Great Lone Land.

Winnipeg, September 17th, 1884.

We could hardly be said to have left Winnipeg on our way west, for we did not stop there except for a few minutes in the dark to drop letters. These had been invited by a black satchel of mine, which hung all day at the end of our compartment, with an envelope gummed on it and inscribed, "Post Office, Winnipeg." This was cleared at about five in the morning. Being curious to see the place, I was up betimes, and the things I noticed in the town as I turned out on the platform of the car in the raw dark air were three billiard-tables in a room brilliantly lit, the dim outline of a church, a wide street traversed by tramways which the train jolted across at right angles, and some electric lamps. These were put out as I was looking at them. The only one of our party who turned out with me was Sir R. Temple; the rest were asleep. Presently we were clear of what they said was the city, and the sun rose on an interminable plain, as flat as it could possibly be, dotted with white wooden houses—some single, some in small groups. Near these the yellow-green grass which grew over the whole land was broken by rectangular unfenced fields, showing either wheat in sheaf, oats uncut and very unripe, or occasional black squares where the rich prairie had been fresh broken by the plough. Those places which had not been stirred at all were dotted by divers herds of short-horned cattle grazing knee-deep in the soft, succulent, and abundant hay. Shallow ponds or meres fringed by weeds were scattered about, the herbage around them having in many cases been irregularly mown by grass-cutters and stored in carelessly made stacks. That just outside the edges of the water seemed to be preferred for this

purpose ; it was rather finer than the rest. I was surprised to find the country so much cultivated within reach of the eye, but was told that farms were still more abundant beyond the horizon. This comes in great measure from the railway authorities retaining some portions nearest the line in their own hands, with a view to its rise in the market. Such precaution was obvious enough. Many were the complaints, however, which I heard even in passing contact with settlers about this arrangement. They said, angrily, "Why didn't the railway (as if the iron track were to blame) settle the land close on both sides first, and not send us twenty miles off?" But the procedure seems to be sufficiently legitimate. The country next the line is sure to be filled up, and will become all the more valuable as the outer band is cultivated. The inner strip is all safe to increase in price, though in several places its soil is not so good as that farther off. Then too, of course, the outer portions will some day be tapped by branch lines. The Canadian Pacific at present is a backbone without ribs, and must be equipped with them if it is to embrace the body of the people. As it is, great preparations are made along the whole course of the main road for the reception of wheat. Huge wooden "elevators," capable of holding thousands upon thousands of bushels, are set up or being built where hardly an ear of corn is to be seen. These immense and lofty structures, visible for many miles across the plain, show like rudimentary cathedrals, and are the only mountains in the land.

Well, when I have told you what the country is like for twenty miles out of Winnipeg, the description holds for eight hundred. Only the farms die away, the solitary houses disappear,

not a single roof or stack notches the long level of the horizon, and no square black patch marks the spot where the plough of the colonist has been at work. All these gradually disappear along with the herds of red and white cattle. The prairie alone remains, cut by the everlasting track of the railway, which runs straight through it as thin as a thread of the thinnest grey silk stretched tight across a perfectly smooth bowling-green. At last, when nearly eight hundred miles of plain have been crossed, when you stand on the platform at the end of the car and look westward, you will see a white saw slowly rise above the yellow-green horizon. This is made of the tops of the snow-peaks in the Rocky Mountains. As the train rushes on to reach them these gradually lift themselves up from the grass and show their grand range, which severs the North-West territories of the Dominion from British Columbia.

There—I might now lay my pen down and say that I have fitly described the region through which we have just been carried westward from Winnipeg, and I should not be far wrong in my assertion. But then I travelled with some fifty pair of eyes besides my own, and they were mostly eyes which saw. I was in a "special" with those who represented the final effort of the British Association for the Advancement of Science in Canada, and I only wish I could remember a quarter of the things pointed out and thoughts suggested by my companions and their unstudied comments and conversation. Then too we were in a train dispatched and equipped for our purpose by the Canadian Pacific Railway Company, who not only took us for nothing, and perched our carriages for two nights on the highest acces-

sible point of the Rocky Mountains (where we lay like the ark on Ararat) but caused us to be guided and guarded by their great manager and authority, Mr. Egan.

Thus many conditions were combined to make our run an exceptional and interesting one. We stopped occasionally to see what we wanted (being tied to no time-table), but when the train moved we travelled fast. Though the track was comparatively new, and in some level places had been laid at the rate of four or five miles a day, on testing our speed we found that once or twice we were covering more than fifty in the hour. Indeed, on one occasion we did fifty-five in that time. I was not sorry when these (experiments I was going to call them) were over, for a bad accident in the middle of the prairie would have been embarrassing. There was however little to be gained by lingering on the plains. Nothing was to be seen one hundred miles after another but the same level horizon; and, as I have said, after a while this ceased to be notched by the farm buildings and stacks of the settler. The only signs of human habitation, besides the occasional station where the engine was watered and a few small deal-board houses mingled with white tents appeared around it, were given by Indians.

A word more about them. No doubt they rightly claim to be the original, or the oldest historically known, inhabitants of this region, and it is not so long ago (less than a generation) since this claim was virtually if not officially allowed by the British authorities. These were represented by the Hudson Bay and other fur companies, which for two hundred years had, so to speak, the right of sport over these huge moors. And the Indians were their underkeepers, gillies, and

servants. The companies placed their representatives, gatherers of skins, here and there in so-called forts throughout the land. These bought furs of the Indians. The place abounded with animals of many kinds. Thousands of buffalo runs, *i.e.*, strongly trodden paths of about a foot wide, were cut by the railway track at right angles. Through a considerable portion of our journey we had only to look out of a window and see them stretching straight away, far out of sight. They had for years, or rather ages, been worn by files of innumerable buffaloes as they moved their feeding-ground in the prairie. And many whitened skulls with dead whitened horns lay by their side, showing where some on the march had lain down to die before the sweet grass had been reached. The high growth of the prairie, too (in many places so high as to rise far above and sweep the stirrups of a man riding through it), abounded in smaller life. All this skin and fur-producing estate was really "preserved" by the old companies. To them the agricultural colonist was a poacher. They did what they could to keep the settler out. The population was bear, buffalo, skunk, marten, beaver, and Indians. These last preyed upon the first, and the representatives of European civilisation preyed upon them—traded with them, we will say, though perhaps the Indians hardly realised the value of the sable which they gave in exchange for trumpery beads and rum. Well, all this began to dwindle down as soon as the fur companies in 1869 handed their authority over to that of the Dominion, and men were invited and set to colonise the regions from which they had been excluded lest they should interfere with the business of the "trapper."

These plains (ready for the corn-grower and cowherd) we were now traversing. The consciousness of contrast between their past and prospective condition was aroused in a score of ways—not least, say, by conversations with Dr. Cheadle, who had accompanied Lord Milton in his famous journey twenty years before, and who now formed one of our party. He was being whirled in three days through a region which it had once taken him about a year to cross. Relics of the old (Redskin) human life began to meet us as we moved on westward. I don't count the English-speaking Indian of the old Canadian Provinces (who professes Christianity and wears the shabbiest cast-off white man's clothes, especially dented tall hats) as the genuine representative of the Redskin. He is, happily, too respectable to be taken as a sample of his progenitors. His father may have been girded with a belt of scalps, but his own "pants" are so shabbily modern as to preclude the recognition of his savage descent. He was, indeed, not to be seen as we drew westward, but the real man (especially the woman, with face painted a bright yellow, and a dab of red on each cheek) was lounging about several stations after his own peculiar sulky hunchbacked way. Some of our fellow-travellers eagerly secured the trappings of these dirty braves and squaws, buying the feather dresses off their heads and the moccasins off their feet. They accepted all this commerce in reluctant attitudes, and with an ill-concealed contempt, which, however, did not hinder them from realising that strangers who would make surprising proposals for their old shoes might be induced to offer more. Some, who preferred silver money, presently had their cheeks full—for an Indian pops a dollar into

his mouth as a monkey does a nut, looking at you steadily all the while, as though to say, "If you think I don't know better than to swallow it you are wrong for once!" Then he shrugs his shoulders again and sulks off. It is true that he has submitted to the partial restraint of "Reserves," since recognition of them brings in from the Government so much meat and flour a day, and five dollars (or £1) a head annually; but the "Reserves" are not all of the best land. A detailed Canadian map of the line and its geological surroundings was given to me, and I noticed that a large district marked "Indian Reserve" in the far west was also marked, in other characters, "Drifting Sand." I called the attention of a Canadian official to this, and he replied, "Oh, yes; but guess we pay them ever so much!" That indeed, I fear, is not always a perfectly accurate presentment of the actual state of affairs, since it was whispered—no, strongly asserted—that divers purveyors of Indian allowance stopped it on the way. The Indians come off worst in their intercourse with white men. They are doomed. So much indeed has been said in their favour, that I am disposed to doubt their future the more. I know that the famous Jesuit Father who has for more than a generation laboured among them is looked on with filial eyes. I know that divers Methodist ministers who have also bravely put their souls into the effort to evangelise the Red-skin make an honest point of speaking well of him. I know that Anglican missionaries do the same. One of the oldest bishops in Canada was good enough to favour me with his opinions about the Indian. "It is most pathetic," he said. "They are prominently devout. You should hear them take part in our Liturgy and sing our hymns!

And yet I cannot imagine what is to become of them." I cannot help repeating my belief that they are in fact children without the prospect of growth—children for whom it is impossible to find a school, or any really promising phase of education. They were once the masters of the country, and have had a great fall, and all the king's horses and all the king's men can never set Humpty Dumpty where he was again.

Half-breeds succeed and are not unfrequently conspicuous in the conduct of the country. They will survive, giving birth to quarter-breeds. The high-bridged nose of the "Southwind," and the "Wild Eagle" may adorn the profiles of generations to come; but the old Redskin with his grandly serene face, and insuperable aversion to steady labour of any sort (except it be the collection of scalps), will have to be classed along with the Dodo and the "Cave Man." His remains slouched silently about the stations, with his dirty high-shouldered household around him, as our "special" paused in its westward course. He affected coolness when a gentleman from Albemarle Street offered him three dollars for the twopennyworth of cock's-tail feathers he had stuck in his hair, but, his wigwam is doomed to be struck for ever, and his bastard or half-bred descendants alone will survive in the great family of man.

While the smoke-stained tent of the Indian disappears from the Prairie, another fabric already makes its appearance. It is curiously suggestive to watch the procreant buds of new "cities" which are beginning to show above the grass like the white mushrooms of a night. They seem to grow according to no plan or law. They are

mostly of wood, and at a little distance look like loads of great deal boxes which have been roughly overturned by the way. Some of the structures indeed are of canvas, and shelter no mere nomads, but possibly the leading inhabitants of the place—I mean people of education who dress for dinner, carry card-cases, play the piano, and keep a carriage. I am quite serious. The United States consul in Manitoba, a gentleman of culture holding a very influential social as well as diplomatic position at Winnipeg, was kind enough to give me an introduction to some great friends of his, the R——s, who lived at one of these new-born cities where even a deal shanty had not foretold its advent two years ago. Well, I innocently asked for Mr. R——'s "house," and a low canvas tent, pitched at the edge of a pond in the prairie a few hundred yards off, was pointed out to me. I made my way there and did what was equivalent to ringing the front-door bell. Mrs. R—— only was at home. Mr. R—— was out riding and would be very sorry to have missed me. However, she was kind enough to ask me in, and I stayed a few minutes having an agreeable conversation with a hostess of whom one of Bishop Anson's chaplains spoke to me afterwards as being (not comparatively, as he who squints is king among the blind) one of the most accomplished ladies in the country. She noticed perhaps my glance round her canvas home, and, laughing, said, "We think we may have to 'move house' next winter, and so we have thought it best not to build one at all." These social positions, which at first appear somewhat paradoxical, are distinguishing features of the North-West of Canada. What would be called the livery stable

of the place was kept by an Oxford graduate, and a labouring settler who chanced to be about some business in the place and looked "dripping" into the little inn (it rained at the time) was referred to by a man in the "bar" as Lord So-and-So. He was, indeed, not a lord, but a member of one of our distinguished noble families (whose name he bore), and was then expecting a visit from an English Peer who happened to be travelling in America.

A "gentleman farmer" is a wholly different personage in the N. W. T. (as the North-West Territories are shortly called) from what he is in Norfolk. Here he has to work, and work hard too, with his own hands. I am inclined to wonder, though, why more placeless men in England, to whom all the liberal professions seem to be closed, do not come out here simply (at first) as labourers. Positions deterrent in the old country are not merely possible, but more than tolerable to a "gentleman" here. Many a useless member of society at home, who yet is blessed with good lungs, liver, and sinews, might not only do good work here in helping to civilise a new land, but be paid more for it at once than he probably would earn for years if he were called to the Bar. In a short time, *e.g.*, he would find himself worth thirty dollars a month, that is £72 a year, his board (with a magnificent appetite to realise that part of his income) and lodging. Then, too, at odd times, supposing him to bring a gun, he could walk out without question by gamekeepers and fill his bag with wildfowl and prairie chicken. No doubt his life would sometimes be very rough in divers ways, but he would find not a few gentlemen in the same boat as himself, counting it no social degradation to have

their hands horny with labour. Then, too, if industrious and thrifty as a labourer, he may look forward to the possession of land of his own, or, using such tact as he possesses, combined with some experience of the country, may see some other door whereby to enter into a better furnished position.

Before I realised the condition and duties of the settler I had an impression that the skill of the trained agricultural labourer would put him in an exceptionally good position. But now I am rather inclined to doubt it. He would have to unlearn much. The very neatness of his methods might delay him. No one cares about driving a perfectly straight furrow on the prairie, or trims a hedge with the accuracy of a hairdresser. Hodge would bring a seasoned back and sinewy limbs to any outdoor work, but he would find his conservatism shocked by the untidiness of Canadian farming, and be some time before he could bring his mind to the looking after "his bullocks" full gallop, in a Mexican saddle.

On the other hand, every departure from established methods of agricultural procedure tells in favour of the man who has been accustomed to none. As a cavalry officer in the old days preferred any recruit to a postboy, so a Canadian farmer may find a "help" ready to fall into his ways better than a man wedded to special ways of toil. Thus a gentleman, however strong and willing, is not likely to be twitted with his ignorance as he would be if he attempted to take his place in a team of prejudiced peasants at home. His freedom from the traditions of labour would assist him. Indeed, if my reader were to explore and examine these new "cities" which are begin-

ning to sprout here and there throughout the north-west of Canada he would be surprised and charmed at the number of "educated" persons who are already taking part in their birth. Every year, moreover, makes the plunge of a "gentleman" into these realms the easier, in a social sense, but the amount of work remaining to be done renders want of employment, to those who really will work, impossible for any time you like to count.

The filling-up of this country is a work of the generations to come. Your noble and idle savage who lives by hunting is dead or doomed. He will not work himself, though he is not ashamed to beg. He looks on, with occasional suggestions about his willingness to accept tobacco, and then paces off on his lame beast, pretending to think. Another nobler race, quickened with some of the best blood in the "old country" (as England is always fondly termed here) should be ready to take its place among the masters of the richest parts of a young Dominion. The number of those seeking their fortune here who have known what is called a liberal education is even now remarkable, as I have already noticed. I had heard it before, but was hardly prepared to find it confirmed, notably, to such an extent as appeared by the company in which I travelled. One after another added his family or social experience to enlarge our perception of the way in which these parts of Canada are being peopled by young English gentlemen. This applies to the whole land, though especially to its western parts. Some buckle to in the tilling of the soil, others choose a life in some respects more varied by serving on a cattle ranch, with the hope of eventually becoming the possessor of one. Here

the work is manifold. Hay has to be secured for winter in rough unthatched stacks. For this the likeliest spots on the prairie are swept, untidily, by the grass-cutter. But the procedure is varied and importunate, the chief result desired and aimed at being the production of calves, which cost comparatively nothing to keep, but eventually become valuable beef. This business of course does not bring a quick return. Calves take time to grow, even in America; but when once the first crop reaches maturity others rapidly succeed it. In all these callings and surroundings of the settler, however, one valuable "quantity" remains constant, and that is the superb air which he breathes. It is true that typhoid is being carelessly generated in some growing Canadian cities, but the smell of the prairie is as sweet as it is wholesome. Of course our progress through the country, as a detachment of the British Association, travelling in a special train, and stopping in disregard of all "time-tables," became generally known, and at divers stations there was good store of the new youth of the country (sprinkled with silent, scowling Indians in paint and feathers) to see us. And a browner, healthier-looking, more long-limbed, square-shouldered, clear-eyed set of tall young fellows I never saw. I was particularly struck by the physique of young Canada, being six feet myself, and having been built to match. Your little man is no judge of stature and limb. He does not discern sufficiently between five feet ten and six feet two. Your tall man is a better measurer of height. Thus I realised growth when many of these Canadian youngsters looked over my head, and strode past me like giants, as they were. If half of those young gentlemen who wear

pointed boots and write with steel pens, chained in fogs and heats to the counters of, say, a bank, with no prospect of becoming partners in the business which enslaves them, could but once get their lungs filled with this grand prairie air, they would slam to their ledgers, roll up their gloves, and, pitching them out of window, find themselves striding over this sweet grass, building their own log houses (and you can make a log house as warm as a Dutch oven in the coldest winter), galloping after half-wild cattle, cooking their own dinners, measuring monthly more round the chest, and feeling that it will be their own fault if they do not take their places among the strong and independent men who are mastering this new land. And, remember, a strong youngster who will labour, working with his hands, will soon get at least his £70 or £80 a year with his board, and be tempted to no great expense at his tailor's.

It is true that the winters in Canada are cold—very cold—and long. It is true that some constitutions cannot bear them. But if there is any truth in testimony, this cold is not generally insufferable nor depressing. A climate which so treats the vine as to ripen grapes out of doors (there are large vineyards in Ontario from which wine is made) cannot be bad. Then, other fruits are excellent, and malaria is said to be unknown. Indeed, the summer is not merely hot, but hot with clean air and clear sunshine, and in winter the snow is feathery. People, moreover, live to a good old age, and the bulk of them look as if in excellent health. Of course, if you are careless in January you may find your nose frozen as hard as a snuff-box. Then you have to thaw it gingerly or it will come off; but I saw no faces

from which this feature had been thus vexatiously removed. Still, there is no doubt but that the Canadian winters are very severe.

Extreme cold is, however, not confined to the British parts of North America. It is a saying in the older United States, "If you can stand the climate of New England you can stand anything." The air of Boston is intensely nipping. I have just heard a gentleman living there refer to it bitterly. "Why," he said, "one day last winter, when I was driving a mile to my house of business, both my ears were wholly frostbitten." "Rubbed them with snow?" I remarked. "Yes, sir," he replied; and then added, "but that is not all. I have known the temperature vary thirty-five degrees in one day, between morning and night." Greater variations indeed have been experienced in the United States.

Of course, in Canada, as in other countries where the winter is very severe, the warmest clothes must be worn, and caution exercised to avoid frost-bites. But the air, as I have said, is mostly still, and the sky bright. The snow, moreover, is stated to be shallower in the West, especially the extreme North-West, in Athabasca, than in the old Provinces.

I have made this pause and divergence in giving utterance to my little record of a visit to the North-West while in the company of my fellow British Associates because an agreeable tendency to branch off into inquiry about and speculations on cognate matters was often indulged by my companions and enjoyed by myself. Indeed, the friendly chat which beguiled our way was (to me) often big with suggestive information about the land, its settlers, capabilities, and future. I will now, having glanced at the main features of the

great North-West (if that may be said to have features which is all face), ask my readers to go with me more leisurely through the land, pausing to note some of the points at which we stopped either in going West or returning to Winnipeg from the Rocky Mountains. Here let me repeat a desirable explanation and say that a "city" in America does not mean a large town, but a place (often much smaller than many a village in England, since a population of three hundred enables it to fulfil municipal conditions) which has civic rights. The first of present importance reached from Winnipeg is Portage la Prairie. What shall I say of this flat and fertile place? It largely receives grain. Its sky-line is quite Alpine with "elevators." It grinds and manufactures, has a biscuit factory and a paper-mill, and is altogether ancient, having been founded twelve months before Carberry, the next distinguished station, which is two years old. Yet for all that Carberry gives itself the airs of a long-established "city," inasmuch as it not only advertises its livery stables, etc., etc., but when we visited it had placarded its walls with huge printed posters announcing the (first annual, I suppose) excursion of its "Sabbath schools," etc., etc., to "Silver Lake," with a "band," etc., etc. The bill indeed had the flavour of a search for change after the wearisome monotony of tame and long-drawn life in the close air of a town. Mind you, Carberry is only two years old. Twenty-four months ago it had not so much roof as an umbrella, and no means of locomotion so advanced and artificial as a wheelbarrow. It simply "was not." This deal-and-canvas bud, moreover, declined to reckon itself as of no weight in the British Empire, for the great poster announcing the recreation proposed for its ex-

hausted inhabitants was adorned with the assurance of its loyalty in a conspicuous line, which he who ran might read, "GOD SAVE THE QUEEN." Indeed, the loyalty of Canadians would seem to be not merely apparent, but touchingly importunate—and genuine.

I cannot affect the usefulness of a systematic guide-book, but must point to Brandon the next place of importance westward. It is three years old, but offers all kinds of commodities, from reaping-machines to artificial flowers (beside the influences which flow through church and school), with a cheerful confidence which charms the visitor. I bought there and brought away a photograph of its main thoroughfare looking (in the photograph which disguised a freshness incapable of such reproduction) almost as old as, say, Aldgate. Its soil is said to be excellent; its air is most delicious, and nature has provided it with a slope (rare in this prairie), which should make its future drainage not only possible, but easy. Let us hope, however, that the unpolluted Assiniboine which flows by Brandon will not be turned into a sewer. Provision is made for much which marks civilisation in all those townships by the side of the Canadian Pacific Railway which may become the sites of cities. For instance, sections of land are set aside for schools, and the building of churches (every place of worship is called a "church" in America) is facilitated, but the proper dip of a sewer, if the people have, as they probably will, that questionable equipment, would seem to be hardly possible in several of the places which we saw, and which were being marked out in streets. The time approaches rapidly in which their inhabitants will have a problem to solve with the sewage. This too, unfor-

tunately, is not recognised as, under any circumstances, useful to the farmer, who wholly discards the use of manure for his land at present.

The provision of water, moreover, is a serious question for some parts of the North-West. It is mostly alkaline, like very much that is found in the United States, and attempts are being made in some places to provide artesian wells. It is true that the Canadian water is harmless to the stranger when boiled or used with coffee or tea (which latter is largely drunk), and old hands (or stomachs) take it raw without unpleasant effect, but to a new comer it is most surprising and offensive, though agreeable enough to the taste. Several of our party suffered severely from choleraic diarrhœa in consequence of drinking it, and it occasionally kills the careless thirsty children of emigrants. Thus a few artesian wells are being sunk, sometimes with wholly unexpected results, of which I will say more presently when we reach the place where they have come to pass.

The next place at which I stopped was Moosomin. I may here say that, as I write this from my notes on my return to Winnipeg, some of the spots I visited were seen on my way back. But it is more convenient to take them in consecutive order going westward. Thus, following the order of the line, Moosomin comes next to Brandon. I was particularly desirous to see it as a number of Bethnal Green settlers have squatted in its neighbourhood, and I had been asked to visit them. It was felt that if these people, mostly quite ignorant of farming, took any root in the soil, the hopes of other colonists from cities would be brighter. I reached Moosomin at night. Two years ago it did not exist. Now it has a large railway station (a huge elevator being built hard

by), and is a thriving town, of course mostly made with deal boards. I walked across to the "Crawford House" by the light of a bobbing lantern, and found that the landlord had a room ready (new deal board as usual), apparently finished that afternoon. Next morning in the dining-room I found the breakfast to be (without any question except as to the choice between tea and coffee) porridge, beef-steak, potatoes, fritters, and treacle. These were served unordered. The landlord then took me a round in his "buggy," a gig on four high wheels, drawn by an excellent pair of black trotters. Here I came on an odd use of words. I had no sooner taken my seat securely by his side than he flourished his whip and said, "Get down." Before, however, I had begun to descend I realised that this was addressed to his horses instead of "Get up." Neither phrase, however, really suits the situation, for if the horse were to try to "get up" after his driver had ascended the box it would be embarrassing.

To return to our Moosomin expedition. We took in a circuit of about twenty-five miles, following in most cases no track, but driving from one low turf-built house to another through superb crops of hay, so rich as in many places to lie down by their own weight. Here and there we passed a pool, from which rose wild ducks within easy shot, or a prairie hen whirred up close by our side. A skunk once ran close before us for some hundred yards, but as he was not alarmed we realised his presence by sight only.

The first house we reached was one storey of rough deal, some 16ft. by 12ft. A quarter section of land—*i.e.*, 160 acres—all magnificent hay to begin with, was attached to it. A small portion was broken up and had a crop of potatoes. A

sunburnt man stood at the low door. I got out of the buggy, and said, "You don't know me, but you know St. George's-in-the-East." "Why, yes, sir, I was a cab-driver at Bethnal Green." Then I asked him how he fared. He shared a cow with a neighbour, and had broken up seven acres. His previous wages had been about thirty shillings a week, and his wife could earn ten shillings a week at brushmaking. Now he is a "farmer," but he has been earning three pounds a week in helping to build the elevator, and his daughter, age thirteen, had been getting for service in Moosomin pay at the rate of sixteen pounds a year. His wife could earn more than twice as much. "Do you like it?" said I. "Yes," he replied, "I do; "and if you should meet any more cab-drivers" (not improbable) "tell them to come out here." He added, though, that the published Dominion prices of the oxen and implements necessary for beginning a farm had been misleading; he and others had had to pay about 30 per cent. more than they had reckoned on. Almost all whom I visited remarked this. After the cabman I saw a Bethnal Green jobbing carpenter; he had earned about fifteen shillings a week and his wife nothing. She could eat no breakfast in town, but now enjoyed her porridge. Then we drove on, and I called on Mr. Young, who had been a Scripture-reader, and was described by my landlord as a clergyman. He was not at home, but Mrs. Young told me about their condition. He, with his brother, had taken up half a section—*i.e.*, 320 acres—and an adopted boy above eighteen had also 160. So they have 480 acres among them. Of course only a portion of this is broken up at present, but the rest is good hay, fit for cows. Mrs.

Young had been "mostly under the doctor" in London, but "had never wanted one" since she came to Canada; and liked it "very much." Then I called on a Mr. and Mrs. Cumbers, late of Bethnal Green. They have a low black turf house as warm as toast, and five young children. He was a "labourer," and earned about twenty-one shillings a week. His wife earned nothing. Now he has—he came from England last April—160 acres of land, two pigs, and twenty chickens. The small plot already tilled bears potatoes alone. I did not think that Mr. Cumbers was very enthusiastic about the matter, but he wished his two brothers to come out, and gave me their addresses, and said, "I eat more heartier, and though the weather damps us a bit, I dare say we shall get on another year." The next turf hut, with its 160 acres, which I visited, was owned by Mr. Cattermole, who shared a team (*i.e.*, pair or yoke of oxen) with his neighbour Cumbers. He also had five young children, had been a cellarman and "done jobbing work," but "had been walking about for months" without any work. Health had been "middling good—never better, all right, now." He had no cow, which was a pity, since he had over a hundred acres of hay; indeed, there were only about four acres broken on his section. He came out last April. From his hut I went to Mr. Bloom's. He had been a police constable and had also worked on a farm in England. His half-brother and his mother had come with him, and they had also taken up 160 acres. "Some people won't like it," he said, "because of the prohibition of liquor." "Good job too," said his mother, "and I hope it will be always kept out; but anyhow," she ded, laughing, "we mostly have a couple of

ducks for dinner." "Yes, I like that," said the ex-constable; "a man can always take his gun and knock over a duck or a prairie fowl." Ducks, indeed! There are hundreds, and fine ones too. Every little pool seemed to have some. I asked if they stayed in the winter. "No, they don't, but the prairie fowl do," was the reply. These people whom I have visited are fair specimens of the East End, and I really do not see why they should not do in another year. At first (barring the cab-driver) some had no idea how to harness a team or indeed do any agricultural work. Their first attempts at milking, too, are said to have puzzled the cows. But they all have potatoes. There is wood to be had for the gathering, and occasional work in Moosomin or near. Several will have a sharp pinch. I have just been having a long talk with the headman of a number of Scotch crofters who came out after the East-enders, and are settled near. Divers of these have between forty and fifty acres ploughed for wheat. Selling that next year, though at a low price, they get a good return and are fairly "settled." Some of the Londoners are or have been puzzled, but will pull through. They are rather sore about the stocking of the farms costing more than they fancied, and hardly realise the unprofitableness of grumbling; but the agent tells me that they are not working badly, though at present without sufficient skill. All that I have seen speak well of their health, but several lament the want of schools and places of public worship. These will come in time. Now much of this part of the country, though "taken up," is uncultivated. We drove simply over the prairie, bumping over badgers' holes, and big, worn stones hidden by the luxuriant grass. The wood is small. Fire

has frequently swept the land. When you go into a clump of growing bushes you find the ground covered, if not cumbered, with burnt relics of forest. The whole region is flat, and sprinkled with small pools or meres. The first grain "elevator" which is being built here is calculated to hold 50,000 bushels of wheat, and buyers will be always ready at the station to purchase produce even in the smallest parcels. After my round among the East-enders I called on a settler who had been a valet in Essex. He had acquired two hundred pounds, married, and come out last April. "I have got," he said, "an acre of potatoes, ten acres ploughed for wheat, and have stacked thirty tons of hay." He has taken up the quarter section of 160 acres, has two yoke of oxen, a cow, a few fowls, but as yet no pigs. "How do you like it all?" I asked, and his quick response, "Very much indeed," left no doubt about his views. His next neighbour, who has quite lately come out, is a bricklayer.

The possibilities of the place are, indeed, enormous, but the labour is great and the social drawbacks are serious. Two of the families had lost children since they came in April. One had been left at Winnipeg, having died by the way. Another "was buried out there," said the mother, pointing to the prairie, with a choke in her voice. "He was the eldest." There is one initial drawback to settlement in Canada, though indeed it is shared by contiguous regions in the United States. I have already noticed it, but the fact is so noticeable that I naturally mention it again. The water is alkaline. New comers always suffer severely from it if they insist on drinking it raw, but when boiled or used with tea or coffee it is wholesome. Several people have expressed to

me their hope that lager beer will be allowed to be sold. All, outwardly at least, agree that the prohibition of spirits is good for the people. I cannot say that I have not seen a drunken man in Canada, but the temperance of the people is conspicuous.

Since my return to Winnipeg I have been seeing a little and hearing much more about East London emigrants. It is generally felt that their exodus is a test one. There are several kinds of settlers. The most welcome is a man with a few hundred pounds, who can "take up" land, stock it well, work himself, and have enough to tide over till he can sell the produce of his farm. The agricultural labourer, too, if intelligent, steady, and industrious, has considerable openings here; but if he brings no capital he must labour somewhere till he saves enough to get his "quarter section" and squat in a turf hut of his own. The sheer townsman, who has been used to a cook-shop round every corner, is often sorely tried when put down alone on his grassy lot, which, as it has no visible boundaries, is seemingly the boundless prairie. Thus the change may be too much for him, and the conduct of civilised life may be so rudely broken by his flitting as to take away his faith in the soil. Moreover, he has probably been accustomed not only to a quick return for his labour, but to labour of a kind which produces an immediately obvious result. He does not realise the slow repayment of Nature. The breaking of the prairie sod promises too distant a wage. Thus when I had asked several Londoners what they had earned in the old country, and then went on to inquire what they got in the new, two or three pulled rather long faces, and said, "We shall get nothing till next fall"—they

had already learnt the American for "autumn." But they all spoke with hope, and *not one expressed a wish to return.* I should repeat that they were justified in some complaints, for the prices of several necessary items published by the authorities here are misleading, *e.g.*, nothing can really be done with the soil without a yoke of oxen to plough it, and the cost of these is thirty per cent. more than the settler is led to expect. This at first daunted some of our Londoners, who showed me the printed list which had misled them. However, as I heard an expert say, "They will worry through." And as they do, the problem involving the disposal of some of our surplus souls approaches solution. Of this I feel more confident as I reflect on what I have seen and heard, since some of these settlers are not of the most provident and pushing class. I know the style of man I am thinking of well; but here, though with an aptitude for grumbling, the whine seems to be going out of him. Some few, possibly, may fail altogether, and will return speaking evil of the land. Some will have a very hard pinch in the coming winter; but I believe that they will win. Anyhow, if their condition should now be compared with what it was in London it would be favourably judged. And since their great drawback (ignorance of agriculture) grows less every month, their progress is the more hopeful as time goes on. The emigrants who seem to succeed most quickly are domestic servants, intelligent workmen of the railway labourer class, and those of a little better education, who are gifted with good health and strength, stick at nothing, and have plenty of "push." Let me give three examples out of many which might be produced. Mrs. Vatcher, of St. Philip's,

Stepney, sent out a party of poor girls from the East of London this last May, and asked me to look up one who had gone to Winnipeg. I did so. She was in a respectable place and earning 15 dollars a month—*i.e.*, £36 a year, with board and lodging. "I am quite happy and comfortable," she said, her face beaming when I told her that I had come from Mrs. Vatcher. The next case was that of a railway labourer, named Thomas Watson, from Lincolnshire. He had come out with his wife to join a brother-in-law some distance from Winnipeg, and on reaching the haven which he sought found that his relation had flitted, leaving no address that he could then find. He had "gone West." So Watson returned to the emigrant shed at Winnipeg with a long face. "What has he been doing since he came back?" I asked. "Well," was the elegant reply, "he has been tightening his belt to keep his belly together." And he certainly looked very lean as he came in (while I was standing by the shed) from another cruise after work. But there was a nascent twinkle in his eye. "Have you got any?" said the superintendent, a fine ex-Crimean soldier, full of kindness and good sense. "Yes, sir, I've got a section-house with 56 dollars a month, and my wife is to take in boarders." A "section-house" is one by the rail side where the men live who look after a certain "section" of the line. Thus, our friend had found his place, worth over £130 a year, with house and firing. In asking the Rev. H. T. Leslie, "immigrant chaplain" at Winnipeg (who knows the place well, and most kindly gave me much assistance and information), whether this was a fair test case, he said it was, and added that the man's wife would possibly earn nearly as much. But then Watson is a shrewd,

strong, likely-looking fellow. Not so seemed a civil-speaking man from Notting Hill, whom I next interviewed. "What is your trade?" I asked. "Oh, nothing particular, sir," said he, "but I want to keep about in the town." "He won't do," I remarked to the superintendent, whose reply was at once, "No." Then he added, "And yet some such such a few years ago went to"—I forget the name of the place—"and several were starved; but the rest have become excellent citizens. It taught them." Our Notting Hill friend will, I fear, have a sharp time of it in his first winter.

The third instance I refer to was that of a man with whom I conversed at length about the East London emigrants. "Look at me," he said. I did. He was six feet high, measured about forty-five inches round the chest, and had a black beard as strong as a quickset hedge. "Look at my hands," he said next. I did. They were not particularly dirty, but as hard as iron. "These people," he continued, "want oxen and ploughs to begin. Waal. Guess I came with these two hands without anything like the price of a cow in them, two years ago, and now I have thousands of dollars. Whenever I saw half a one I went for it." He was a Canadian born, and told me his history. I saw him presently driving a fine pair of horses in his own buggy, and he had "elegant" gloves on. These three instances of success which I have given are not exceptional, but then a man must pre-eminently have "push," and not sit in the middle of a field with a pail expecting some cow to come to be milked. Our friend, the railway man from Lincolnshire, had met with an initial fall by failing to find his brother-in-law, but he soon recovered himself, and already I dare say has let out several holes in his belt.

After Moosomin the traveller will anyhow be sure to alight at Indian Head. Here is the much-talked-of "Bell Farm," ten miles square, worked like a machine with every suspicion of rural sentiment wholly discarded. Indeed, everything is sacrificed to supposed economy, including some of the horses, which were miserably poor. The engines, too, were pronounced by an expert in machinery, who formed one of our party, to be fragile fabrics. Huge tubs, looking like the Martello towers which fringe part of our eastern English coasts, and holding 1,000 bushels each, stand at suitable places to take the grain as it issues from the threshing machines. These are furnished with short elevators, which stick up like kettle-spouts so as to reach the hole in the upper rim of the tub into which the corn runs. It is afterwards collected from these temporary receptacles and taken to the nearest railway station. The wheat is white Fife, and you may see a great flat field containing 15,000 acres of it. It is of course reaped with binders. A good deal was uncut and patchy with green ears. Wheat is grown after wheat without manure or at present any clearing of the land, but we were told that a third of the soil would be rested every year. The last yield was twenty-two and a half bushels to the acre. This is a very fair return, considering the haste or "harum-scarum" style of farming which marks the present agriculture of this part of the Dominion. Straw is used as fuel in the Bell Farm engines, and that which is not thus consumed is burnt to be got out of the way. The seed is sown by a broadcaster machine. Altogether, though more has to be done here, enough may be seen to make the wheat producer in England look grave. But the cities stand so thick with

consumers of bread that they may laugh and sing. The hope is that abundant bread may beget an ambitious appetite, and that English farmers may be able to grow fragile comforts which cannot be imported from afar, and have hitherto been beyond the purse of the million, but which if sold in towns at a very much cheaper rate than the present might yet well pay the tiller of home fields. The Bell Farm certainly set us thinking with emphatic seriousness about these, and a tobacco parliament met in the smoking-room of our "special" to discuss agricultural prospects as we steamed away. Since the average holding of the Canadian farmer (according to a statement made during the meeting of the British Association at Montreal by Professor Brown, of the Agricultural College at Guelph) is only about 150 acres, the claims of this large wheat manufactory at India Head are peculiar, if not unique, in the Dominion, and the public waits to see what a company can do with the soil in cheapening wheat for the market and paying a dividend to its shareholders at the same time.

The grain-producing soil of the North-West is seemingly as flat as possible in Manitoba, but as the train moves onwards and enters Assiniboia it is flatter still, notably in the great "Regina Plain," some fifty miles wide and ninety long. Regina is the capital of Assiniboia, which contains about a hundred thousand square miles of land, and is thus rather larger than England, Scotland, and Wales all together. Both the province and its metropolis would seem to have been thought of, found out, and named only a few years ago. Their future is incalculable. Here is the seat of Government, represented chiefly by the mounted police, who number about

500 saddles, look exactly like the Horse Guards Red, with useless little caps (like cloth decanter stands) on one side of their heads, and uniforms so tight as to render movement uncomfortable. They are uncommonly fine fellows (mostly from the "old country"), and are employed in keeping the Indians under foot and spying, for whisky, which, being prohibited, they are empowered to condemn, and are said, nevertheless (so ran the rumour even in this thinly-peopled land) to like the taste of. They make an imposing force, anyhow, and I was told that even one of them carried such an atmosphere of authority about him as to stalk into an Indian camp and walk off unchallenged with any "brave" who was charged with, say, horse-stealing. This is the chief offence, or at least one of the most severely punished crimes in these parts. The guard kept against the introduction of alcohol into the North-West territories is a strict one. No doubt it is evaded to some extent, but it certainly hinders drunkenness. Probably this liquor law is the more desirable here because of the poor Indians, who draw to the smell of rum as cats do to that of valerian, and who might become ungovernable if they could buy it.

The instances of intoxication which I have noted in Canada have been peculiar, and seemingly shown by well-to-do people. Tea is mostly drunk at every meal, but the prairie air tasted (to me for one) almost alcoholic. I never breathed such an inspiriting atmosphere—not even in the high places of Switzerland, nor amid the pure dry sands of the Arabian Desert. It is, moreover, to some extent aromatic. I noticed this at Regina, and a native confirmed my perception by the immediate remark, "That is the mint in the

grass." The passage over these enormous fertile plains, so long strictly "preserved" by the trapper, but now opened to the plough, produces an effect on the mind which is not realised at the moment. When one is beset by conversation in English the social and natural surroundings are somehow unconsciously assumed to be fixed or established. A glance out of the window of the train over the prairie might suggest no more than that over an exaggerated hayfield or a flattened Salisbury Plain. Presently you begin to remember that you are crossing a virgin land only just wedded to an ambitious British mate, and that these unmeasured breadths of soil may some day be as crowded with human life as the most thickly-peopled districts of the Old Country. What will this new region produce? Every fifty miles along the line a small square block is fenced off in the primeval grass and crammed full of wheat, barley, oats, potatoes, onions, beet, cabbages, carrots, turnips, swedes, mangold, maize, and—what not. How come they there? What are these curiously manifold mixtures of field and market-garden fruits? These are "test"-farms. They are set thus thick to see what the soil will bring forth. They have been thus sown only a year. Twelve months ago they were unreclaimed prairie, and the result is amazing. I stood and looked at these varied crops, handled the roots (which were very large), rubbed the corn in my hands, counted the grains in divers ears, and walked off thinking, "Why should not the whole face of the land be thus covered with the fruit of the earth?" Of course, the summer may have been exceptional, this, that, the other—may be, might be. But there, in the midst of an unmeasured "wilderness" of grass, the potatoes, turnips, cabbages,

carrots, etc., etc., *were*, along with great sheaves of corn. There they had grown, that year—little teeming squares crowded to their corners with luxuriant food. The thinnest thread of iron wire (I mean the rail) drawn across the plain had done it all, and meant to do the rest.

This appeared the more possible as we entered the region about Medicine Hat, where the land dips to let the great Saskatchewan flow through, and by its banks show huge black lumps of something sticking out. Coal. Professor Boyd Dawkins and all the geological section hopped out of the train and set to work picking away like miners around our carriage. "Really good coal," they said, coming back with their hands full of great lumps, which they began to fold up in paper and put away in their carpet bags. The luggage of these gentlemen must astonish porters when they get home, and I think that they rather envied the botanists, whose light spoil is entombed in hat-boxes and the like. But about the coal. Our experts told us that it reached away from the river for hundreds of miles, and that where it had been in its formation folded and compressed, nearer to the Rocky Mountains, it was anthracite, becoming, farthest away from the hills, what they called "lignite." Anyhow, about Medicine Hat, the leader in a possible forest of tall chimneys had already risen (a new tree sprung from the decayed and long-ago-transformed growth which made the coal seam) and spread the first foul smuts in the sweet prairie air. This region is pregnant with the fierce forces of what we call civilisation, as marked by commerce, clangour, firedamp, party politics, and other costly discomfort. Great steamers (with hind wheels) were waiting on the Saskatchewan, apparently with (as yet) nothing to

do. There are, I believe, two trains a week westward on the unfinished line—with no passengers to speak of. The whole thing is hardly big enough yet to be called even a bud, but it has a huge growth behind it, and the very incidents of the region are gigantic. For example, they (I can hardly say who “they” were, for nobody was to be seen there besides the workmen) wanted water at a place or station called Langevin, about fifty miles beyond Medicine Hat; and so they bored. When they had bored over a thousand feet, hoping to make an artesian well, the search for water was repaid in fire. At least, one day the borers, holding a candle or striking a match close to their hole, were thrust back by a fountain of flame which licked up the house in which their engine was at work, and then stood a pillar of fire in the midst of the green desert. They had then reached a depth of nearly eleven thousand feet, and, passing through the huge coal-bed which lies beneath, had probably struck a fissure. Anyhow, up rushed the gas, which, becoming ignited, soon consumed their solitary shelter. Presently, however, after some pains, the hole through which it issued was plugged and fitted with an iron pipe, governed by a tap. This was turned on while we were there that we might hear the roar with which the flame springs up and see the fiery fountain which it raises. It had been burning continuously for nine months, and suggested the prospect of an enormous store of gas for some future city whose inhabitants will scorn the puny measures of cubic feet which mark the supply and swell the bills of the Londoner. Meanwhile, since the people of Langevin (that are to be) can scarcely be expected to quench their thirst with flame, this Brobdignag main is turned on and used to work a stationary

engine busy in boring again (for water) some ten or fifteen yards away from the mouth of fire. A depth of 1,145 feet had been reached when we saw the borer at work, but it was still dry; no sign of water had appeared. The coal-bed, however, had been pierced without the striking of another fissure stored with gas. Of course, unless the water (if found) rises, its discovery will prove to be of no practical use.

From Medicine Hat the ground creeps up towards the Rocky Mountains. As we approached them the fitness of the soil, or rather elevation, to grow wheat becomes less. At Gleichen, however, which is 2,986 feet above the level of the sea, the produce of the "test farm" appeared to be excellent. The roots were very fine, and ears of wheat held from twenty-five to thirty-one kernels. The quality of the grain seemed to me to be good. The soil had been used for its production the first time since the creation, the seed having been sown in the spring in fresh-broken ground. Such success, though, would hardly be expected every year at so great an elevation. The sample I saw was hardy, having originally come from Russia and passed through Scotland. There were many Indians hanging about this place, and I must go back to them for a moment, for they haunt me. They were all pagans, and as gay in their attire as they were sad in face. One (for a saddle-cloth) was sitting on a Union Jack, but then his intentions were honourable, and he evidently projected a compliment to the authorities. He was a chief, and on his way with many companions to some place where they were to receive their "treaty money," five dollars a head, in new notes.

I should like to know what they thought of the intrusive little square "test farm" staring them in

the face, and saying, "You have been hunting buffaloes here since the ages before history, and now you must have done, and attend to me. A stronger than you has come upon you. If these white faces riding horseless into your land on iron roads are going to tolerate your continuance you must dig and sow." No wonder the Redskins looked sad. They showed some perception of civilised life, though. When one of our party got out his camera and prepared to photograph a group of them, they posed themselves at once, having a native eye towards the picturesque, and desiring to come out well. Unfortunately the sun refuses to transfer their colours to the plate, and Mrs. Crowfoot (with a brilliant yellow face and a perfectly distinct bright round red spot on each cheekbone) will not be flattered. The seemingly instantaneous appreciation of the camera by the Indians surprised me, but perhaps it was announced in a guttural oration which one of the chiefs had just made. Anyhow, they stiffened themselves like waxwork directly the lens of the instrument was aimed at them.

The belt of land in which we then were, parallel to the Rocky Mountains, had evidently once been highly esteemed by them, for it had been their great hunting ground. Indeed it still was streaked with the paths of buffaloes. "This," said Dr. Cheadle to me, as we sat looking from the carriage window over the endless yellow-green prairie where years ago he had passed and recorded memorable months of wearisome travel and privation, "is the home of the buffalo." He might have said "was," for their number is mysteriously shrinking fast. Not one, I need hardly say, was visible, for they quickly leave the land which is traversed by the train. Once,

however, this was blackened by their hordes as they wandered over it at their will, or marched from one feeding-ground to another. In making this remark, I might say that they do not run in a mob as represented in some pictures, but move in single file, like policemen. We crossed hundreds of their deeply-worn tracks leading straight away into the distance, and, surely, indicating that the slopes of the "Rockies" are fitted for the purpose to which they are being applied by the settler—viz., the rearing and feeding of cattle. Where the buffalo has thriven there the bull may be expected to thrive. And, in fact, "ranches" promise to become among the most profitable growths of the extreme North-West territories. The snow is so feathery that it blows off the animal's back and also off the surface of the prairie, the herbage of which is thus easily reached by the beast. Of course this means wind, and thus cold to the settler. Where the air is quite still the severity of American frost is little perceived. It is the wind which makes it felt, and as this comes down the gullies of the Rocky Mountains strong enough to blow the light snow off the grass, it searches the cowherd to the bones unless he is well clothed, like his beasts, in leather. A buffalo-hide garment is obviously the best, but he can bear almost as many coats as an onion. Divers keepers of and workers on ranches whom I saw seemed, nevertheless, to be in excellent condition, though stung by the frost in winter and mosquitos in the heat. I must say, in passing, that I felt, saw, and heard nothing of these pests while in Canada. It was hot enough, I thought, several times, especially in Montreal and Toronto, to have ensured their presence and whetted their venomous appetites, and yet I did

not once recognise the buzz with which they set about their business. But (this is interpolated since my return) directly I passed into the United States I was badly bitten. The enemy was not only at Chicago and Boston but in the railway carriage, above the din of which his trumpet might be heard. A series of detachments began to live upon me directly I had got away from the region of the Red River, and I carried their bites across the Atlantic. There can be no doubt, however, that mosquitos abound in many places in Canada during the summer, and come to be a national plague. Moreover, I inquired in vain for serpents in the Dominion. These are a deadly danger in several parts of the United States. I see in my mind's eye now a rattlesnake coiled on an inviting tree stump in California ready to kill any one who offered to take a seat there. There are no rattlesnakes in Canada. Nor, so far as I could learn (and I repeatedly put the question), is there any malarious escape from the newly-stirred soil, as is found (often to the settler's cost) farther south.

As we drew towards Calgary, which has long been reckoned as a sort of temporary terminus to the Canada Pacific Line now creeping across British Columbia, we realised the fringe of the last great division of the three into which British North America is divided. The old provinces, away to the west of Lake Superior, may be said to have been forest. Then comes the plain, stretching away 800 miles west from Winnipeg. Rising abruptly from this, the mountain region begins bright with snowpeak and glacier. These three divisions are roughly and plainly discernible on any good map, and they help in the realisation of the varied provision made in the Dominion for

the use of man. We reached Calgary in a pouring rain. The station, however, was crowded by a number of expectant residents, who followed a leader furnished with a complimentary address to the British Association, which he read to us under an umbrella. Our chief speaker, Sir R. Temple, standing on the tailboard of a carriage, replied to this in still more cheery and complimentary language, whereupon we all cried "Hear! hear! hear!" heartily reciprocating the goodwill and loyalty which had brought these gentlemen together in a deluge to show their liking for the distant "old country." Then, postponing our exploration of Calgary till our return from the summit of the "Rockies," we drew off and were soon conscious of the uphill progress of our "special" towards the resting-place amidst the snows where it was destined to stand still while we made a short expedition into British Columbia on foot.

The train crept cautiously up by the side of the Bow River, sometimes in its curves leading us unpleasantly near to overhanging brinks. Presently peaks whitened with snow began to rise around us on either side, till the night came, showing only black jagged outlines to the right and left. Then we stopped and slept, waking next morning to find ourselves close to a fine mountain tarn, "Kicking-horse Lake," and with genuine Alpine scenery all around. Our carriage stood at the height of some 5,400 feet above the sea level. This part of the Rocky Mountains is much more broken into summits than that west of Colorado which I had formerly known, and some of our party set forth at once to "bag," if possible, one of the peaks. In this, however, they were disappointed. The rest of us started off in

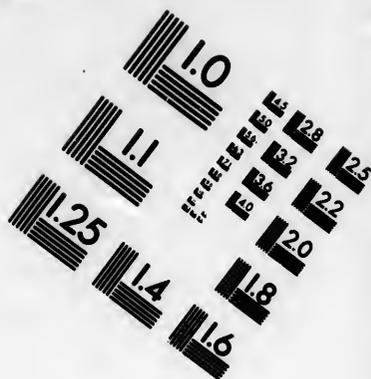
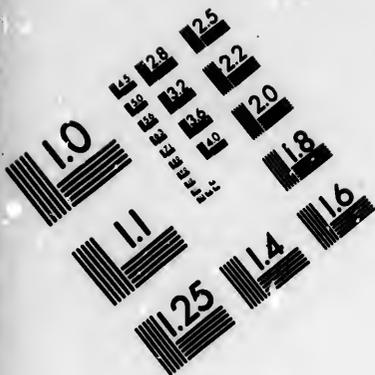
the direction of the track to see its end, closed as yet by barriers of rock and ravine, but alive with a crowd of navigators busy in pushing it onwards towards the Pacific Ocean. Every now and then we crossed a gully bridged by a temporary wooden scaffold, across which we stepped from timber to timber. On our left the mountain rose abruptly, and on our right a valley, far below, was traversed by a glacier stream, and dotted with a few white tents belonging to some of the pioneers who were leading the iron track through British Columbia. Here a mischance occurred which might have been fatal to several of our party. One of the temporary wooden trestle bridges spanned a great gully which led up far away into the rocks on our left. Some half-dozen of us crossed it and walked a mile or so farther. After recrossing it on our return we sat down on a balk of timber at its brink and lunched. Then, with a friend, I walked back up the track while Dr. Selwyn and two or three others remained. I had not gone far, round a curve of the road, before I heard a great crash. "That," I remarked to my companion, "was a rock-fall; I have often heard it in Switzerland." Thus we walked idly on, thinking no harm. Presently a man overtook and passed us, muttering something excitedly, but we took no heed. Then came another. They were hurrying on to stop a "construction train" which (consisting of an engine, and trucks loaded with sleepers, and a number of men clustered on them) was bound for the extreme end of the unfinished track. No wonder they hurried, for the trestle bridge we had just crossed had been carried away by the rock-fall which I had heard. One of our party, Dr. Selwyn, was on it when the rock fell, but, though carried down a considerable distance with the dis-

located and broken timbers, was providentially unhurt. There are rough surroundings in all mountains, and when you thrust a railway among them you may expect mishaps. The workers on this part of the line are plainly set in the midst of dangers. Only the day before our arrival one of the locomotives had run away down the steep gradient (one in twenty-four) which led towards the busy crowd at the end of the track. As it went (with a few attached trucks) the men on them jumped off. The engine itself left the temporary road and plunged into a ravine. A doctor in our party bandaged the sprained and swelled ankle (I hope it was no worse) of a man who had leaped from it in time. We found him sitting by the track-side, and in a great state of excitement about the construction train which had passed by towards the newly-broken bridge.

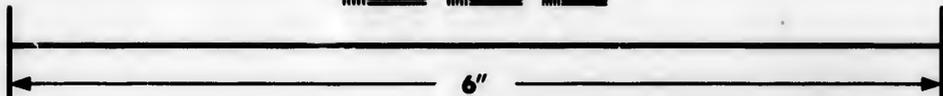
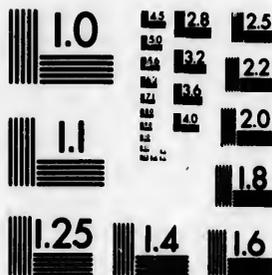
I was struck by the sobriety of these navigators. They were a rough, thirsty-looking company, and there were some thousand of them, but they had no "drink;" so they said. Anyhow, the only staggerer I saw was a poor fellow almost helpless from sickness. I gave him a pannikin of strong tea, for which he was very thankful.

In the middle of our second night the train slipped away from its standing-place among the mountains, and next morning landed us again at Calgary, to move toward the east from this time. The unfortunate hands of our watches had now to be shifted in another direction as we rushed to meet the sun (which didn't shine) at Winnipeg, and crossed both plains and "meridians" on our way. But if we missed its full light, we saw that of superb auroras. Sometimes an enormous conflagration seemed to consume the horizon with leaping electric flames. Then a great white bow





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bridged the sky, to be suddenly changed into an arch of comets. This was soon after we had returned to Winnipeg. I stood long in the street gazing at it. But no one of the multitude looked up or cared for these things. They were too busy after the almighty dollar.

Now about Winnipeg itself. It is one of the newest, liveliest, muddiest cities I ever saw. Set on a dead flat, on a foundation of rich soil which rain turns into deep black grease ("Main" Street was once an Indian trail and has not yet been paved), its railways and rivers command Manitoba, at present. What the sprouting towns along the Canadian Pacific Line will grow to remain to be seen. Now Winnipeg is "that swelled and gentlefolked"—as Joe Gargery said of Pip—that it is justified in considering itself exceptional. Many of its shops are seemingly as good as those in Toronto (the Hudson Bay Company Store might be in the Haymarket), and the city is lit with electric light. But other little flashes or sparks appeared which helped towards the hint that a very few years ago it was a small hamlet in the prairie. The Indians had just been paid their yearly dole, and some were coming into Winnipeg to spend it. I went to the bank to get a little money, and was paid in brand new notes. "How is this?" I asked (for the paper money of the Dominion is often dirty and ragged). "Indian treaty money coming in," said the clerk, who had a six-shooter lying at the right-hand of his writing-pad. I paused at the desk of the next cashier, and he had a six-shooter handy too. "I've seen more revolvers here," I remarked, "than in the rest of Canada." "Ah!" said the two clerks. "And more mud," I added. "Ah!" they said, "but you should see it in the

spring." So I took my clean money and departed, thinking about Indians, pistols, mud, electric light, clerks with rings on their fingers, immigrants, and general transformation. Presently I saw a Redskin sulking into a grocery store, intent seemingly on buying a bagful of "Keen's mustard," which importunately presented itself. Possibly he intends to paint his wife and family with it. They much affect yellow.

I cannot think what will be done about the future drainage of this place, except at the cost of the (now delicious) fish in the Red River. The suburb of Winnipeg is now pitted with small cesspools, as the body of the town no doubt was before it grew. The same apprehension applies to the scores of "cities" now beginning to spring up over the prairie, in several of which there is apparently no fall. Indeed, typhoid fever is among some congregations of new settlers already, though the breeze around them is keen with reserve of life and perfumed with the spicy herbage of the prairie. I have already noticed that at Regina the air was scented with the mint crushed under foot. Some of the smells I came across in Winnipeg were mischievously pungent. The town is laid out to grow to any size, the straight roads lined with telegraph posts and plank "side-walks" pointing to the prairie, being really invitations to the streets to follow. The common form of building advertisement, "Lots to sell," has often a peculiar propriety here, and suggests gigantic proposals, since behind the wayside board there may be some few hundred thousand square miles to be bought. At present the suburb of wooden houses and shanties stands about in little groups or solitary deal board fabrics mostly with an open drain before them. But the mud in the middle of the

city is far worse than that in the newest suburb. For instance, opposite the Town Hall—a very imposing structure—two waggons have sunk into it so deeply that they have had to be left. There they were, or are, buried to their axles. All omnibus traffic is of course suspended, but I have seen a few two-horse cabs “at plough.” A large pool in the middle of the chief thoroughfare has been equipped by some wag with a card set on the end of a stick bearing the inscription, “Bathing strictly prohibited.” I have heard a great deal of bad language at Winnipeg. It is all aimed at the municipal authorities, and if ever men deserved it they do. Now the state of things is enough to choke off trade, for facility of communication is the first feature of really civilised life.

The Bishop of Rupertsland has been kind enough to show me over St. John's College, a fine building fitted for more students than at present apply for admission. But in time it bids fair to occupy a commanding position in respect to the higher educational needs of Manitoba, of which it helps with a Presbyterian establishment and that of St. Boniface—Roman Catholic—to form the University. This now grants degrees. At present there is apparently no common “Union” in which the several colleges may discuss women's rights and the execution of Charles I, but the debating room of St. John's was in full force, the next subject being “That the existence of the House of Lords as at present constituted is inconsistent with the spirit of liberty.”

Here I must be allowed to remark that though the provision of suitable buildings for higher education no doubt forms an important part of the duty of the Church, it is obvious that missionary visitation is much needed in a region over

which increasing numbers of her people are being dispersed. Visitation is, too, all the more necessary as the country population is far more separated than it is in England. Not only are settlers spread over an enormous region, but even where the land is "taken up" most, each settler is set down on his own quarter, or half-section, a mile or so distant from his next neighbour. Thus the kindly entry of a minister of religion into a house has a value which can hardly be appreciated in sundry places at home. I am sure that many a young man, instead of settling down directly after his ordination into a rural village or district, might well come here for at least a little while, and help to feed and teach a strong nation in its cradle. Whatever his after work or position, he would meet and fill it with a knowledge of human nature impossible to be acquired in the old country. Here he would not be set to minister where the language and customs of Christianity are respectably conventional, and it is sometimes hard to stir the air of tame and thoughtless acquiescence in religious sentiment, but he would be launched in a strong human breeze, and feel himself to be a pastor among pioneers. He would have to deal with keenly awakened and receptive minds, rough, sharp, but intensely alive; tingling with vitality. It would do him a world of good, and create suggestive memories for after life. He would have to drive or ride across breadths of sweet-smelling prairie from house to house, or from one sprouting village near a track to another. His welcome would be always hearty. He should not forget a double-barrel central-fire gun, whereby to help himself out of the profusion of wild duck and prairie chicken he will put up as he goes along, and may cook, or get cooked, for his

meals. As he will also at present be pretty sure to come across deer, he should bring, not a rifle, but a store of buckshot cartridges with him. The air he would breathe is delicious. He might do a good stroke of genuine Christian work. He will see a fresh people striking their roots into and rising from a soil which has waited for them from the creation of the world. He will watch the growth of cities, feeling their own life, and help to keep up the sense of England's expansion. He might then go back, after a few years, with a reserve of experience which would enable him to realise humanity as he hardly could otherwise; or he may become so charmed with his work as to take up his residence in this England which is beyond the seas, but which is continually being brought closer to the old country by ships and railways. In the use of these, interchange of visits becomes easier every year. I stumbled on Mr. Bolton, the chaplain of Bishop Anson, cooking his dinner in a new deal hut, and just then washing his potatoes. He was full of enthusiasm about his pastoral work, but will not thank me for calling his residence a hut, since I think he has dubbed it "Church House," and holds service there. Anyhow, the pot was beginning to boil in the middle of the Mission-room, some hymn-books and leaflets lay about, and a belt of cartridges hung on a nail in the wall.

But I must return to Winnipeg for a minute before I lay down my pen. Though wages are high—bricklayers being now on strike here for four dollars, *i.e.*, 16s., a day,—some things are rather costly, and some kinds of work, such, *e.g.*, as bricklaying, cannot be done in the winter, which is long and very cold. Of course hotel prices are always excessive (I have to pay ten cents, *i.e.*,

5*d.*, for each collar washed, and a bottle of bitter beer costs 3*s.*), but in the poorest part a glass of milk is 5 cents, or 2½*d.* Sugar is somewhat dear, tea and coffee are reasonable, clothing is from some 10 per cent. dearer than in England. Away in young prairie cities near the track the price of necessaries is being much equalised. One thing to be remembered is that meat is cheap, the commoner joints being about 5*d.* a pound, and offal, such as bullock's heart and liver, about 2½*d.* Wood is chiefly used for fuel in the stoves—you don't see open fires—and can generally be got for the getting; but this state of things cannot last long as the population increases and the sparsely-wooded parts of the country are exhausted. Timber does not grow in a day, and though coal is found at the surface in several places throughout the North-West, it will not come of its own accord to the cold settler, who has five months of winter to get through. I found that the price of coal at Moosomin, 219 miles west of Winnipeg, was from seven to eight dollars a ton, anthracite, if bought, costing as much as eighteen. Coal oil, for lamps, is decidedly cheap. The price of a cow is from £10 to £15, and a good team or yoke of oxen costs between £40 and £50. The pigs are mostly Berkshire or Suffolk, and struck me as very dear, fetching, I was told, £1 each when taken from the sow. This cannot last, except with pedigree swine. Butter is about a shilling a pound, and potatoes are 40 cents, or 1*s.* 8*d.*, a bushel. They have been much cheaper in England this season.

Barnesville, Minnesota, U.S.A.,

September 19, 1884, 9 a.m.

I believe that the world has become flat. After whirling on day after day across the interminable prairie, on the edge of which the Rocky Mountains are laid, and seeing a perfectly level, yellow-green horizon around Winnipeg, I went to sleep in my berth last night "on board" the train to Chicago. On looking out of my window about six o'clock this morning, some way within the United States, the only changes in the plain were little groups of small conical wheat stacks, with roofs so high-pitched as to need no thatching. The flatness of the land certainly favours locomotion of all sorts. When stopping here for breakfast we found the town about three-quarters of a mile from the station. Being hungry, we flocked unobservantly into the dining-hall, where we ate the conventional meal—porridge and various meats, finished off with fritters drenched in maple syrup. On going out to wait for the train's return to the platform we have realised that the city is on the move—literally. There had been a dispute about the title to the land on which it was built, and so it is following the railway establishment. First in the race is a largish hotel—"Knowle's Hotel" in big letters on its front. This is getting quite close to the station. "Waal," says a man by me, "guess the main town will soon be here. They would squat where they had no right." Of course all the buildings are of wood, and, put on rollers, can be hauled with ropes gently across the flat. But the hotel is winning by half a mile. Curious life this; but very convenient. My sleeping berth ticket is good only to "St. Paul," and I

have just asked the conductor about renewing it for me when we reach that populous city. How widespread the name of the Apostle has become! Mr. Conductor says, "If you will speak, sir, to this gentleman," indicating the coloured car attendant who has just been blacking our boots, "he will telegraph for you." And now as I write Sambo is standing by me filling up a form. "It will be all right, sir," says he, with a smile. My reader may perceive that we have now left the station, beating the hotel hollow, and that I am writing in the train with ease. Behind us, as I look through the glass door leading to the last platform on the train where some passengers lounge and smoke, the two rails dwindle to a thin perfectly straight dark line ruled across the green cloth of the—now more and more cultivated—prairie. This has, however, begun to "roll" slightly. Hay is being cut, and wheat carried, in long low waggons drawn by oxen on either side, and an occasional pool gives the farmer excellent duck shooting. But the fowl are on the move. I see, looking up, out of my left-hand window a long string of wild geese flying south. The soil is blackish, like that near Ely, and there is not a tree in sight as high as a telegraph post.

5 p.m.—We have now entered the country of maize, fields of which appear instead of wheat. Trees abound, and occasionally we pass through a cutting. The region has been under cultivation for some time, and we have just passed a farm from the yard of which a man was carting manure. This morning we saw great heaps of straw being burnt, simply to get it out of the way. The fields are much smaller and fenced. The temperature has risen considerably, conversation

becomes more nasal, and four Yankees, who have been playing euchre for hours close by, with an occasional bar of "John Brown," feel very distinctly at home. In fact we are fast approaching the canopy of smoke which hangs over the twin cities of Minneapolis and St. Paul, full of telegraph wires, trams, electric lights, and "push." At our side the Mississippi is beginning to toil through its long course by sawing up fleets of round logs which wait lazily upon its waters soon to be eaten with noise and greediness in mills which intercept a portion of its stream.

September 20, 1 p.m.—We are now approaching Chicago, and, for the first time in the States, I perceive about a score of sheep. Maize has largely taken the place of wheat, but I have not seen a field of roots. I think that a notable feature of this long railway run has been the complaint which I have heard about farming from stray passengers. I had a talk last night with a man who was made very sore by the low price he got for his wheat. "It's the same with all of us," he said, speaking of holders of farms of 200 or 300 acres. "We have all had to borrow money. You can't get labour, and have to pay ever so much for a 'binder,' which you use for a week and then leave to rust for the rest of the year. I don't know whatever we shall do, sir, down in my part—west." This must be taken for what it is worth, but he was very sore, and apparently a representative man. "What shall you grow, then," I asked, "if wheat does not pay?" "Well, sir," he said—they always call everybody "sir" here—"guess we go in for flax. There is a lot of flax been grown this year." But then it must be remembered that this is not properly the wheat country.

That lies farther north, and it is from the great North-West territories of Canada that we may expect larger supplies of it. The assertion, though, of Major Bell, which he openly made when I with others drove over his farm, that he would place wheat on the market in Liverpool at 20s. the quarter and put 8 per cent. profit into his pocket at the same time, must be justified to be believed. I have already said something about his famous establishment, but more that I have heard since I wrote confirms my belief in the exaggerated nature of several statements respecting it. There is corn enough in all conscience coming from the northern part of the American continent, but there is a limit to the low cost of freight as well as of production. It is all very well, too, working maiden soil, but there is an end to this. I have been told of once flourishing places in Canada where the produce has dropped to something below three coombs an acre. Anyhow, in railway waiting-rooms, trains, and the like, I have recognised the genuine agricultural grumble, especially at the low prices of wheat. Farmers, too, who live at some distance from a market are indignant at the way they are treated by the buyers at the stations. I heard the other day of a man who had sent a waggon-load of wheat, drawn by oxen, thirty miles to be sold. The station-buyer offered him a very low price for his load, thinking he would take anything rather than haul it back all that way. But the farmer turned his waddling weary oxen round and departed. Three miles off, however, he unyoked them, and hiring or borrowing a pair of fresh farm horses, presented himself again briskly at the same railway shed, was taken for another seller, and sold his corn at his own

price. The need for this smartness will disappear as branch lines are made. These will surely appear in many parts of the North-West. And if ever tracks are laid from Port Nelson, in Hudson's Bay, to help the rivers in tapping the plains of Athabasca—which are only some nine hundred feet above the level of the sea—and if shippers can be found to risk the floating ice in the straits during the short summer, a new strong stream of wheat will flow into Europe. Many factors, however, affect the solution of this problem. It was being warmly discussed, not only by the "scientists" who formed our party, but by men sitting round the stove in "hotel" bars. Some great authorities among the former were dead against it.

Chicago, September 22.

I am now on my way back from an intensely interesting run, which will have become one of about twelve thousand miles in something over six weeks, when, please God, I reach England again. Hospitalities, kindness, and wayside civility have met me everywhere. The flight across the plains and visit to the Rocky Mountains was far the more agreeable and instructive as it was made in the company of those men of science who did not dribble off into the United States, but pushed Albemarle Street into British Columbia. This selected English contingent, too, had the great advantage of the presence of such men as Professor Macoun, of Guelph, and Dr. Selwyn, the leading geological authority of Canada. He lives at Ottawa, but is better known in the scientific world than even in his own country. A passage from the Dominion into the

United States is a fit sequel to a journey in the former, for it enables the traveller to compare the mere buds of towns he sees upon the plains with the cities of the United States which are still young, but have grown up. Canada presents, indeed, great contrasts in, say, the mediæval air of Quebec and the suddenness of Winnipeg, but it somehow seems to want the intermediate condition of civil growth notable in many parts of the United States. These new North-West territories are a long way behind. This city in which I am now stopping, Chicago, is peculiar in being not exactly young, but born again after it was supposed to have grown up. It is so improved by reason of the fire which swept off all mistakes and architectural experiments that it has sprung forward into the third place among the cities of the States, and will probably take the second. The outward and immediate impression of the commercial success which it has reached comes in great measure from the bringing together of all those features in a city which go to make its greatness. Warehouses, ships, leading fashionable hotels, docks, business streets, and private houses are mixed—in a Londoner's eye at least. There is not merely a succession of thoroughfares, differently named, which connect the east with the west, but unbroken streets or avenues, numbered up to 4,000 or 5,000, traverse the whole city. It is as if a house in Hyde Park Gardens were called 5,240, Whitechapel Road, or the Butchers' Row, in Aldgate, was merely known as a continuation of Oxford Street. It is the number in the street, and not the street itself, which indicates the position of a dwelling in such a city as Chicago. The dwellers in St. Giles's and St.

James's perch on different parts of the same bough; they do not live on opposite sides of the tree.

I have been very much struck with the quiet sobriety and orderliness of Chicago. It is true that I did not penetrate into the very poorest suburbs, but I prowled about rather late on Saturday night and did not see a drunken man or woman. In my explorations, moreover, I went into two of the cheapest places of amusement I could find, one being the gallery of some distinctly "low" theatre, where I sat some time in a crowd, but was driven out by the heat. I did not hear a bad word nor see a rough action. The only remark made to myself came from a poor boy who advised me not to lean back in my seat as the rail had lately been painted, and I might smear my coat. The entrance-fee to this place was ten cents, which corresponds to much that costs twopence in England. No doubt there is plenty of vice for the vicious, who know where to look, but it does not thrust itself upon the wayfarer. The behaviour of the crowds which filled Lincoln Park in the afternoon was that simply of the same class in London. They walked about somewhat listlessly—indeed, an American multitude in its Sunday clothes is quieter, less sprightly, than an English one. The Chicago holiday-makers, however, were better dressed than with us, and the men smoked cigars rather than pipes. They were almost all genuine working people. This appeared from their hands, which were not merely roughened and sunburnt, as those of many gentlemen in England who do not wear gloves, but their nails were mostly broken or stained, showing some kind of handicraft. The crowd in Lincoln

Park was made up of artisans, labourers, and their families. And I hope they were enjoying themselves.

I cannot leave Chicago without a word about the slaughter-houses, which really make the place and its wealth. Long trains of bellowing or grunting freights converge to this place from distant ranches and feeding troughs to be sent forth again laden with silent bacon and beef. The slaughter and packing houses in which this transformation is brought about lie a few miles off the city proper; but no one has seen Chicago who has failed to visit the "stockyards," as they are called.

I took the open tram in State Street and got out when it stopped. We had a run of some two or three miles so perfectly straight that in the view down the street from the hind seat of the car the more distant houses were obliterated by the many branched telegraph posts, and I seemed to be looking into a vista of leafless fir-trees. Then I took another tram which at last brought me to the verge of a region of cattle-pens. These were square, and hedged with strong wooden fences six feet high, the top bar of which was a nine-inch plank laid flat. This I noticed, but did not immediately realise the use of. Presently I did. It seems that this huge region of pens is traversed by roads along which the cattle are driven to their particular yards. These roads are occasionally barred by strong gates, to check or turn the tide of oxen, but along them the oxen come driven by men on horseback using Mexican saddles. I was innocently making my way farther into this province of enclosures when I heard cries of "Get up." A gate at one end of the road had been

opened and down there came thundering along some hundred Texas cattle, with drivers after them, full gallop. So I perceived the use of the flat nine-inch top board, and surveyed the herd from the summit of the fence. The cry to get up was not addressed to me alone, but to several others who were penetrating the region by this lower path. I found afterwards that there was a sort of air road, or raised wooden causeway, which led over the tops of all the fences. By this I returned; but I made my way to one of the chief slaughter-houses by the ox-route, with an occasional retreat to the top plank when more wild bulls of Basan came along, flourishing their huge horns.

I did not know where to look for the most representative place, but as I drew near to a building like a good-sized factory with two smoking chimneys, I heard a popping as of a "hot corner" at a battue, and wondered what it meant. I soon learnt. Reaching the factory and seeing a man I looked at him inquisitively. "Go up the stairs," he said, and walked off. So I went up some outside stairs and found myself on a sort of pier sticking out into the sea of pens and closely overlooking several which were contiguous to the factory. I observed that these were fringed by a number of stalls capable of holding two oxen each, and leading into the basement of the building. The tops of these stalls, which were about eight feet high, were crossed by a plank walk, about two feet wide, which bridged them all at right angles. At the end of this plank walk there lounged against the factory wall a tall young man in a red jersey with a rifle in his hand. And all the causeway was sprinkled with bright empty

metal cartridge cases. The narrow path leading into the stalls from the pens was deep in filth, and the air was loaded with the smell of blood. Presently the gate from a yard of wild-looking cattle was opened, and imps of barefooted swearing boys with long poles ran along the tops of the fences, banging and goading the poor beasts till they entered the path. Once in they could not get back, the two end ones being successively shoved into a stall, the door of which was immediately shut behind them. Thus the stalls were all filled. Then the work of the lounging young man began. Loitering along the plank bridge over the trembling beasts, he shot them all, holding his rifle like a pistol, and nearly touching the neck of each as he passed and fired down between its horns. Each dropped dead almost before the flash had passed. One I noticed close below where I stood, a wild-eyed Texas ox with trembling nostrils, as full as a beast could be of fresh prairie life, fell so stone dead as not to twitch an eyelid or move a hoof.

Then great iron claws and ropes came out of the factory and sucked the warm carcasses in. They were skinned, disembowelled, cut up, boned, packed in tins, which—surrounded with ice—were placed in boxes, heaved on board the train, and sent off as frozen or refrigerated meat sooner than I cared to pursue the process. Thus the one firm I visited killed sixteen to eighteen hundred oxen a day, and I do not know how many hogs. The slaughter of these was suspended while I was there, and scores of horribly fat pigs were sweetly—no, not sweetly—asleep on an upper floor above the fatal trough down which they presently were destined to slide on their way to bacon. Alto-

gether this "sight" of Chicago was a sickening and repulsive one; but I felt most for the wild-eyed oxen fresh from the plains. The interest they had in life was keener and cleaner than that of the huge gross hogs. These lay contentedly enough at the edge of the pit of destruction; but the sweet-breathed trembling cattle shuddered as they smelt the tainted air of the shambles. What a life is led by the men who do their repulsive business after the bleeding carcasses have been drawn into the factory! One came out, a powerful young fellow, with a singularly pale or whitened face. But he was dripping with blood. He asked for "the price of a can of beer," though I was told that some of these men received five dollars or £1 a day. The number of people employed in or about the stockyards was stated to be altogether thirty thousand. Besides the establishment which I visited there are divers more, and the pens seemed to reach out of sight. I came away half disposed to become a vegetarian from that hour.

S.S. Pavonia, October 6, 1884.

After leaving Chicago I stayed for a few days in Boston. It lately claimed to be more than the hub of the "world," inasmuch as the dome of the State House (which holds a high place in the city) had been gilt, and was one morning honoured by the arrival of a planet, which for some hours made its orbit around it. So I was assured on the spot.

There is something in New England which strangely affects the palate of one's perception with an undefinable taste of "Englishness." This is felt even in the shape of the Boston streets, some of which are as crooked as those in the oldest

British borough. But I wish I could fix my fleeting sense of other manifold influences which fill this fertile air. Perhaps, beyond the flavour of hospitality shown by a kind host and hostess, I somehow felt one sign of regard for public opinion, and respect or consideration for the feelings of the many, more keenly or freshly at Boston than elsewhere. I am not thinking of any political professions made in newspapers and the like. I do not sufficiently understand the nomenclature of American politics. I would illustrate what I mean by an example which should put some dwellers in the suburbs of London to shame. My host drove me about, and in one of our drives we passed a number of irregularly-placed villas, before and between which there appeared to be no fence. Wayfarers overlooked their grounds, and each resident overlooked his neighbour. The result was pleasing to the wayfarer, but my insular instincts led me to remark that such publicity must be disagreeable to the occupants of these pretty, though somewhat fantastically designed, wooden houses. I was corrected by the explanation that those who lived in them were pleased to give pleasure to others by abstinence from selfishly hedging themselves about. I thought of some places near London where a man no sooner gets a few acres of his own than he fences them in, often by means of a high oak hoarding which no man nor boy can see through nor get over, since it is finished off with a fringe of sharp rusty nails which turn every way to keep the cockney paradise.

Probably many things about Boston preserve the old Puritan flavour so strongly as (rightly) to offend the modern nose, but a little matter like

that I have mentioned is a good lesson to the rich exclusive snobs who are so many, and whose private greediness is not touched by the public efforts which have been made of late years to dress unused spaces daintily for the public eye.

While in New England I really stayed in Cambridge, not Boston itself, but somehow failed to scent the air which is associated with a University at home. This is fruitful in good learning, I know, but the academical atmosphere of an old country is incapable of reproduction except after centuries of life. The Wellesley College, however, which is wholly given to the higher education of women, stood outside all tests of antiquity, and seemed to me a very substantial dream, eluding satisfactory apprehension. I do not mean that its management is anywise other than gratifying, but the scale upon which it is carried out, the atmosphere it breathes (or rather creates), and the surroundings in which it is set, combine to make a chance visitor like myself pause before he attempts to put its picture into words. I will thus only say that at Wellesley College, about twelve miles from Boston, there are between five and six hundred resident undergraduate young ladies, the president, doctors, professors, and tutors being also all women. The handsome red buildings which enshrine their studies stand amidst abundant trees, traversed by winding walks and dotted with level lawns. Here they play tennis. Beyond these the still wooded grounds dip down to a large and lovely mere. This is fringed with many-coloured foliage and brightened by the varied boats and dresses of the college crews—all girls. The courteous and

bright Lady President took me round the building. It was sumptuous, and silent, though full of students. Most of them barely glanced up from their books as we passed by with hushed and cautious tread. The stillness of the place seemed wholly irreconcilable with the presence of five hundred young women. One quarter of that number of young men would have kept at least a virile hum continuously audible. But not a sound was heard, not even a sneeze as small as a kitten's. How do they cheer their winning boats? Do they ever have "bump" suppers? Is there any arrangement for the deliverance of undergraduate sauciness and salt in a Senate House on grave occasions?

Anyhow, the institution is unique and excellent. It sends teachers all over the United States, after taking them as scholars from California to Japan by the way of England and India. We looked into one of the lecture-rooms where the work of the day was going on. The subject happened to be Physiology, and a young professor in white muslin was teaching a class of about 120 girls, aided by the skeleton of a man who stood helplessly on her left hand. It was the only one on the premises besides those still in use by my friend and myself.

I add these lines to my letter as I near the English coast by means of the good Cunard ship Pavonia. She is not so swift as some, but dry; which the "greyhounds of the Atlantic" are not—if they meet waves. These they are equipped to drive through, and not ride over. Thus spray abounds, and the decks are uncomfortably wet. In one particular, however, all or most of these new ships far surpass the old, being

lit with the electric light. Its use adds so much to the comfort of a voyage that I do not think I would cross again except by a ship so furnished. Here a separate "switch" enables me to read or write in my cabin as late as I like, and there is no smell from the putting out of the ship's (oil) lamps at night. Emigrant and saloon passengers, moreover, equally enjoy the cleanliness and brilliancy of this beautiful illumination, which shines down into the engine-room itself. I have few fellow-travellers (almost all are Americans) but we are sociable enough. I often think that fortuitous company is as good as that which is ceremoniously prepared. There is a special interest in speculating on your companions and testing what may be talked about. But most people are shy. I don't think that as a rule even the captains of these ocean passenger ships realise the peculiar conversational advantages they possess. Of course the ship is, and ought to be, on an officer's mind during the voyage, but sometimes it might be taken off during meals. Captains would return to their duty none the worse for this passing relaxation. They sit in the chief rooms at feasts amid the best company; and this company changes so often that a good story is never old, and well-worn information about the voyage remains always fresh. These gentlemen have the cream of the social interchange between America and Europe—the pick of some of the best talkers in the two hemispheres—as their guests for a week (and a week only) at a time. But I do not think that they always appreciate the commanding social place which they might fill. Our captain is quite seriously said to be one of the "most approachable" in the whole fleet.

I found him cheery enough after a little while, but almost the first remark I made to him he replied to with a shortness which threatened to preclude all conversation. He was then not on "duty" except so far as involved the presiding at his own table where I was seated.

There is no novelty to record in an ordinary passage across this ocean. We have had a prosperous windy voyage, but one incident was distressing. A little weary panting land bird was blown on board when we were in the very middle of the Atlantic, and the same gale brought a battered yellow butterfly. We had compassion on the bird, talking to it, and offering crumbs; but when it had rested for a little while it caught and ate the butterfly. Then the wind arose and blew it quite away, so that we saw it no more.

How strong water is! Great iron ships look and feel so steady while in dock that one thinks them to be immovable as cliffs. But, having no root, how easily they are swayed, and, however large, how small they grow when they are thrust out far into the wide sea. We realised the uncertainty of artificial dominion over the winds and waves the other day. A bolt came off something down in the engine. This caused the bending of a steel arm which worked with oily exactitude between two surfaces. Thus the least curve made it quite impotent, and with a vehement and shrill blowing-off of steam we stopped, and suddenly became a helpless iron log. Fortunately the bend was so very slight that it was corrected (I believe chiefly with sand or emery paper) in about five or six hours, after which we went on our way rejoicing. I never more enjoyed the

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throb of a screw than I did on its revival after our pause, for a slightly more serious mishap might have left us wallowing about, to be blown to and fro for a week or more. This delay significantly revealed the dependent nature of any ship which relies upon steam to drive it to the haven where it would be. With a favourable breeze one of these great steamers would of course make some progress under sail, but it could not beat up against the wind. And the direction of this is very uncertain in the Atlantic. We have just emerged from a cyclone which helped us along grandly for three days, and now the breeze is full in our teeth. But land shows, and the horizon of the Channel is notched with angular sails, square towers of canvas, and long pennons of smoke from steamers going to or leaving Liverpool.

Bartonmere, October 11, 1884.

I see a crowd of notes still waiting in my journal, but I overlook their importunity and say no more except to remark that people who can manage to get a few weeks' holiday may do better than spend it looking through a telescope and hearing the band play at one of our familiar watering-places. I have threaded a huge new land quivering with national conjecture and aspirations, to find the same stale old misunderstandings about some twopenny details going on in the same old corners of England, and the calf that was born before I departed a little calf still. Looking into my club on my way through town, I saw the same men sitting in the same chairs, reading the same papers, as if they had not risen from their seats since I left. As I passed the door of the billiard-room I heard the same clicking of the

balls which was going on while I was last there, and the marker saying "ninety-six, ninety-two," as if the same near game of "a hundred up" was not yet quite ended. The fact is that I have been away for less than two months (sailing for Canada in the middle of August and returning at the end of September), though I seem to have been absent for many, so numerous are the memories which this tour has created in my mind. Moreover, my eye had so caught the impression of rough American agriculture, that Suffolk fields appear to be finished with needle and thread (so neat are they), while the hedges look as if they had been trimmed by a hairdresser.

Our little crowded isle, at least the regions in it which lie within reach of millions of town mouths and kitchens, ought surely to be more of a garden for the cities of the land. This first thought presses on me as I enter a desponding agricultural county, which almost touches Middlesex with its borders. Another is one of wonder why the notice of our Canadian relationships is so often shut up in a poor inch of newspapers which give a column to a horse race. We do not realise what "the Dominion" is, what it has done and is doing for itself, what an example it is setting to other colonies, and what hints it gives about successful confederate government. Above all, we hardly apprehend the love of the daughter for her parent, the affectionateness and loyalty of that enormous growing and incalculably capable kindred region across the sea which is British in everything but the name, and, over the greatest part of its extent, intensely English in the life which it now lives and the hopes which brighten its future.

